Reminiscences
OF
Washington Territory

CHARLES PROSCH

1. Pioneer Life, W. [illegible]

2. Puget Sound

A.H.

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REMINISCENCES

—OF—

WASHINGTON TERRITORY

SCENES, INCIDENTS AND REFLECTIONS

OF THE

PIONEER PERIOD

ON

PUGET SOUND

By CHARLES PROSCH

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THAT the reader may be entertained, may be informed, may be bettered, by these Reminiscences is the purpose of their preparation, publication and presentation. It will be sufficient recompense for the time and effort required if their mission is successful, and they accomplish even a tithe of the good the author would gladly bring to the people of his adopted State.

CONTENTS

REMINISCENCES
OF
WASHINGTON TERRITORY

CHAPTER I.

Departure From San Francisco—Incidents of the Voyage—Arrival at Steilacoom—Contrasted Climates.

IT was not my purpose to come to Washington Territory when I left New York, nor did I expect to remain on this coast longer than one or two years. A residence of sixty days in San Francisco, however, reconciled me to a permanent home on the Pacific Coast. The salubrious climate, favorable to health and comfort alike, just suited and soon decided me. To this day I retain a vivid recollection of the last hot, sultry, enervating and uncomfortable summer spent in New York city, and never have I desired to experience the like again. A grateful sense of the difference in the climates of the two sections has since then pervaded my whole being, and I have ever thought it better to live here in comparative poverty, or on the bare necessaries of life, than dwell where even great wealth and lavish expenditure did not exempt one from discomforts unknown on the Pacific shores.

In the winter of 1857-8, I made the acquaintance in San Francisco of Captain Lafayette Balch, the town proprietor of Steilacoom. He had a small water-power sawmill on Nisqually bay, a lumber yard in San Francisco, and three or four vessels plying between the two places, carrying lumber down and returning with merchandise. Steilacoom and Olympia were then rival towns; one had the territorial capital and the other wanted it. To boom his town and aid it in obtaining the capital, Captain Balch purchased and shipped to Steilacoom, in 1855, a press and type with which to publish a newspaper. Several printers had tried and failed to make the paper pay before I met him. He gave me glowing descriptions of the Puget Sound country and climate; its dense forests and majestic trees; its snow-clad mountains and grand

bodies of water; in short, painted all in such rosy colors that, when he asked me to come and publish a paper in Steilacoom, I readily consented, though doing well at the time in San Francisco. The captain assured me that every want should be supplied, whether the paper paid or not.

In February, 1858, accompanied by my wife and three sons, I sailed from San Francisco for Steilacoom on the brig Cyrus, owned by Balch & Webber, the latter a quasi partner only. Besides my family there were on board three passengers named John E. Burns, Charles Eisenbeis and William Z. Cates. A fair wind came up just as the lines of the brig were cast off. As we proceeded down the bay the wind increased to such a degree that the captain (W. H. Diggs) was afraid to venture out, and put about to anchor until the wind abated. Burns, who knew something about navigation, grew indignant at the thought of losing a wind that bade fair to carry us far on our voyage, and vigorously protested against the course the captain was pursuing. Diggs was finally prevailed upon to go to sea with two or three reefs in each sail. Thus handicapped the brig Cyrus went bounding over the waves at a lively rate, and soon left the harbor of San Francisco far astern, to the evident satisfaction of Burns, the mate, and all whose stomachs did not rebel against the rough sea and the buoyancy of the brig. The heavens wore a dull, leaden aspect; there were no drifting clouds, such as often indicate the approach of violent storms; the wind came strong and steady from the south, attended with a little rain at intervals. Such was the character of the weather for six days, during which period neither sun nor stars were visible.

During the whole time we had been at sea, Charles Eisenbeis was very sick. He came aboard the brig a rosy-cheeked, beardless boy, the picture of health. On the passage he lost both color and flesh—became so pale and attenuated, in fact, as to excite apprehensions that he would not survive the voyage. Others on the vessel had been seasick, but their illness lasted only an hour, while that of Eisenbeis held on to the end of the passage.

On the morning of the sixth day, the weather being still cloudy and hazy, young Eisenbeis approached Captain Diggs on deck and asked, with a strong German accent:

"Captain, how much longer shall we be at sea?"

"I don't know," replied the captain. "Not being able to get an observation, I have been compelled to rely on dead-reckoning, and therefore cannot tell precisely where we are."

"Vell, how much longer you dinks we shall be at sea?" asked Eisenbeis.

The Cyrus was a slow sailer and had never made the passage in less than three weeks, so the captain cautiously replied:

"I think we shall be at sea two weeks longer."

"Ah, mein Gott!" exclaimed Eisenbeis, while a feeling of despair overcame him, "den I goes overpoard!"

Fortunately he did not put in execution immediately his design to go overboard, though sufficiently desperate to do so. The thought of being subjected two weeks longer to such suffering as he had already endured was more than he could bear, and an attempt to end it by plunging into the sea would not have greatly surprised us. While he hesitated and meditated, a change in the weather was perceptibly taking place. About an hour later the clouds on both sides of us lifted, the haze disappeared and the shores of Fuca strait were plainly visible to all on board. Very much to the surprise of everybody, the captain included, we were speeding up the strait at a rate quite unusual for the brig Cyrus, notwithstanding the fact that her sails were still reefed. The wind with which we left San Francisco remained with us until Port Townsend came in sight. Not until then did it abate much in force. Eisenbeis indefinitely postponed going overboard, and lived to be twice elected Mayor of Port Townsend, where he landed soon after noon the same day. It is gratifying to know that he prospered and became the possessor of a handsome fortune. Captain Burns also landed at Port Townsend, which for many years was his home.

The experience of Eisenbeis brings to mind that of the lamented Horace Greeley on the occasion of his crossing the Atlantic some years previously. Perhaps no one ever suffered more than he did from seasickness. It is said, presumably by a wag, that when he landed in England he expressed a desire to meet the author of "A Life on the Ocean Wave." It would afford him much comfort to "put a head" on that fellow.

After landing some freight (composed in great part of bricks for chimneys) which was taken ashore from the brig's side in canoes, Port Townsend then having no wharf, we proceeded up the Sound toward our destination. Two days and two nights were occupied in sailing, drifting with the tide and towing by small boat. As we passed on, Seattle, six or seven miles away, was pointed out, but it was so small and so hidden in the timber, as to be perceptible only in the

vicinity of Yesler's mill and the beach thereabout. A little later our attention was called to "New York," as Alki Point was then derisively termed. At that time the only residents were Dr. D. S. Maynard and wife, who were then farming there. Some years before it had been the scene of business activity, fostered by J. N. Low, C. C. Terry, William Renton and others, at which time it was rather pretentiously dubbed New York, after Terry's place of nativity. It was for more than a generation used as a term of ridicule for the abandoned and apparently worthless townsite. Now, however, in view of the wharves, hotels, dwellings and large transient population, the proximity of the "New York of the Pacific," as Seattle is more and more frequently and aptly termed, and the certainty of Alki Point before long being included within the limits of a great city, the force of the derision is entirely lost, and Terry's visions of a great future for his land claim are in process of rapid fulfillment.

On the third day we reached Steilacoom, then a town of about 100 white inhabitants and a much larger number of Indians. It was now near the end of February, and the sun never shone upon a lovelier day, in Italy or elsewhere, than that on which I quit the vessel for my new home. Nor was this charming weather confined to one or two days; weeks and months elapsed before it changed, and then for three or four days only. During the last week in June refreshing rains visited us, but the sky again cleared within a week, and we had no more rain until November. Thus I found the climate here much better than that of San Francisco, which some years before I thought was incomparably superior to that of the Atlantic states. This agreeable feature of Puget Sound had much to do with making me and mine contented in our new home.

During the passage from Port Townsend to Steilacoom, I was deeply impressed with the difference in appearance between the shores of California and those of Washington Territory. There neither verdant fields nor forests were visible; both hills and plains were forbidding, barren wastes. Here vegetation fairly rioted in luxuriance. From the water's edge to the snow line on the mountains there was a wide expanse of living verdure, comprising an incalculable variety from the minutest plant to the most gigantic trees. The contrast was very refreshing.

Insignificant as Steilacoom then seemed to me, in population and importance it ranked next to Olympia on Puget Sound, and was exceeded in the Territory only by that town and Vancouver, and but little by them.

CHAPTER II.

The Puget Sound Herald—Early Inhabitants—Booming the Town—The Hudson Bay Company.

AFTER obtaining quarters for my family and a suitable place for a printing office, I went earnestly to work on the first issue of the "Puget Sound Herald," the name chosen for my paper. On the 12th of March, 1858, now nearly half a century ago, the first issue of the paper appeared. It was received with satisfaction and flattering commendations by the citizens of Steilacoom, all of whom cheerfully paid $5 (the subscription price) for the first year, and several subscribed for four copies, paying $20 therefor, three of which they sent to friends in the Eastern States. This was a pretty good beginning, I thought. Soon lists of subscribers came from the mill ports, and straggling settlers in the adjacent country came along from day to day and week to week, all desirous of contributing to the support of the new paper.

There was but one other paper then published in the Territory, and that was a bitterly partisan journal named "The Pioneer and Democrat," which had alienated many members of the party of which it claimed to be the organ. These disaffected democrats proved to be the warmest friends and supporters of the "Puget Sound Herald," which was independent in politics, and they availed themselves of every occasion and means to aid and encourage it. As a result, before the close of the first year I had nearly seven hundred subscribers and a very fair advertising patronage. It may not be out of place to state here that several of these subscribers were men who could not read or write, and who paid for the paper and had it sent to friends in the East purely from a sense of duty to help their home paper. Indeed, at that period it was not uncommon to meet men who made a mark or a cross for their name.

A large proportion of the inhabitants of Pierce County at that period were discharged United States soldiers and former employees of the Hudson Bay Company. Some of the former and many of the latter were unable to read or write. The Hudson Bay men, largely Scotchmen and Canadians, were wedded to Indian women, and some of them were quite

as degraded and barbarous as the savages. The clerks, storekeepers and agents of the company, however, were of a better class, and fitted by education for the duties devolving upon them. Notable among these was Mr. Edward Huggins, who long filled the most responsible position at Fort Nisqually. It was part of the policy of the Hudson Bay Company to encourage the marriage of their employees to Indian women; it enabled them to maintain amicable relations with the natives, and materially aided the company in its trading operations.

In earlier days the Hudson Bay Company claimed exclusive rights in Washington Territory, and wherever possible exercised them, by virtue of a clause in the treaty with Great Britain which gave to them a measure of recognition.

Until this treaty was abrogated their officials invariably forbade Americans to settle upon vast areas of land alleged by them to belong to their company. For a long time they also asserted British sovereignty over all this land. Few or none of our people, however, were deterred by this claim from locating on such lands as suited them, though in some cases threatened with the destruction of their homes and improvements.

Among those thus threatened was Thomas M. Chambers, who, though a small man, possessed heart and courage enough for half a dozen large men. Between the present insane asylum grounds and the shores of the Sound he located a donation claim, on which he quickly erected a log house and enclosed a few acres in a rail fence. A few days later he was visited by the Hudson Bay Company's agent and several employees, who informed him that he was trespassing on their land and must vacate. Leaving his visitors outside the fence, Judge Chambers (he was subsequently elected Probate Judge and bore the title ever after) entered his cabin and soon emerged therefrom with a dangerous-looking rifle. Resting the barrel upon the top rail, he informed the agent that he had come there to stay, and was ready to dispute the Hudson Bay Company's claim at the muzzle of his rifle. The agent and his companions, deeming "discretion the better part of valor," thereupon beat a retreat and never again molested Judge Chambers. For many years he was a leading citizen of Pierce County, filling positions of honor and trust until his death, at the age of four-score years. Possessing in a large measure the qualities which endear a man to his fellows, his death was deeply deplored by all who knew him.

Although the American pioneer settlers refused to admit

or recognize the claim of the Hudson Bay Company, our government recognized it; for the United States, during a period of ten years, paid the Hudson Bay Company a rental of $600 per annum for the use for military purposes of the land now occupied by the insane asylum in Pierce county. The money was paid through the war department by the acting quartermaster at Fort Steilacoom. Before the Company finally evacuated their stations in this Territory, our government paid them $600,000 for their improvements.

These improvements in some cases were of a substantial and valuable character, comprising well-built dwellings for the factors and agents, capacious barns, storehouses, etc., but altogether they never cost and were never worth $50,000. So the Hudson Bay Company actually received upwards of half a million dollars more than they were entitled to, and were not loth to relinquish their claims for this magnificent gift. Clerks and sub-agents of the Company fell heirs to this costly property; for, simultaneously with the relinquishment, these subordinates became naturalized and filed upon and retained the improvements and lands in question.

Friendly as were the relations of the Hudson Bay Company with the Indians, they always regarded the natives with suspicion and some little fear. This is evident from the warlike character of their trading stations. Until some years after the close of the last Indian war the Company maintained a sort of military discipline among its employees at Fort Nisqually, which was enclosed with a bullet-proof fence and protected by shot towers, built of heavy square timber, in which were placed several venerable iron cannons capable of discharging six-pound balls, if the cannon didn't burst in the effort, as one happened to do in 1860. So also with their trading vessels. The steamers Beaver and Otter and sail vessels in their service were quite warlike in their furnishings and precautions.

Owing to the absence of any resource but lumber in this region at that time, I was not a little surprised at the abundance of money in the hands of the people. All but the farmers seemed to carry purses well filled with twenty-dollar gold pieces. The farmers had been driven from their homes and impoverished by the Indian war in 1856, from the effects of which they had not yet had time to recover; but the men engaged in cutting piles and logging for the mills (and they comprised a large proportion of the whites here then) suffered but little from the same cause. The man who owned the building in which I first printed my paper could neither read

nor write, but managed to earn $30 a day by hauling piles with three yoke of oxen from the timber into the water. Soldiers received permission from their officers to cut these piles and earned $10 each a day. All the lumbermen were paid in like manner, so it is not strange that they carried plethoric purses. Piles and lumber cost more then than they do now.

The discovery of gold on Fraser river about this time enabled me to boom effectually Steilacoom and the entire sound. Sending abroad through my paper the news of the discovery had the effect of attracting many thousands of people, and so excited Capt. Balch in San Francisco that he wrote to his partner, J. B. Webber, who held a power of attorney for the captain, instructions to convey to me two lots, one for a printing office and one for a residence, in grateful recognition of my services. At the same time he instructed his attorney to sell no lots to others, for he feared that by so doing he would be sacrificing hundreds of thousands of dollars. In his excited imagination, Steilacoom in a few weeks became a populous and wealthy city, and lots had increased in value from $50 to $5000. Consequently men who came with money to buy and build were peremptorily refused property for which they offered twenty times its actual value. So the efforts of the paper to build up the town were completely neutralized by the insane course of the proprietor.

A similar course was pursued in Olympia, ten or twelve years later, greatly to the injury of that town.

CHAPTER III.

The H. B. Company and the Indians—Fraser River Gold Mines—Rise and Fall of Whatcom.

IN the spring of 1858, when gold was discovered on Fraser river, British Columbia, (or New Caledonia, as it was then called), contained no white inhabitants save a few agents and clerks at the Hudson Bay Company trading stations, the headquarters of which was Fort Victoria. Many of the employees were half-breeds and a few full-blood Indians. The Hudson Bay Company governed on sea and land; there was then no government but theirs, and James Douglas was at the head of it.

In this Territory, at the same period, the Indians far outnumbered the whites, and the natives were led by the Hudson Bay people to believe that all the Bostons (as they were taught to call the Americans) in the world were the few they saw on Puget Sound, principally in and around the sawmills. The King George men, (as they called the English) on the contrary, the Indians were told, were past counting for numbers, and were the most powerful nation in existence. The natives, believing these statements to be true, naturally had little fear of the Americans and a wholesome dread of and respect for the English.

During the previous winter many thousand miners had congregated in San Francisco, and the city was literally overrun with them. Like Micawber, they were "waiting for something to turn up" when the news of the latest gold discovery reached them in the latter part of March, 1858. The Puget Sound Herald, published at Steilacoom, was the first paper to give publicity to the discovery, and from that office column slips containing the news were sent to Jerry Sullivan, then the leading newsdealer in San Francisco. As soon as the contents of the slips were known, they sold rapidly at 50 cents and $1 each. Sullivan sent a letter by the return steamer saying the "slips went off like hot cakes," and urging the publisher to send him 1,000 slips containing the next news received from the mines. The slips (two columns this time) were ready to go down by the same steamer, but there were only 200, not the 1,000 requested. These were more import-

ant than the first, because they contained not only fuller particulars, but satisfactorily confirmed all the statements in the first slip. With this second report also went a considerable shipment of gold from the new Eldorado. Word came back that the second slips were sought with much greater eagerness than the first; that many of them were sold at $1 each, and several at second hand realized $5. The desire to obtain this news and the prices paid for these slips was a fair indication not so much of the abundance of money as of the number of idle men then in San Francisco hungry for news of this character.

When satisfied of the reliability of the news, thousands of these men instantly sought means to reach Fraser river. Ships and barks and brigs and schooners that had long lain idle in the harbor of San Francisco were hastily provisioned and fitted with berths, and were as speedily loaded with as many passengers as they could carry. The Pacific Mail Company also refitted and manned several ocean steamers that years before had been laid up as unfit for further use. All were got in order as quickly as possible and advertised to sail for the new gold fields. They did not have long to wait for their loads; in a few hours they were full to overflowing with passengers. An exodus then set in at San Francisco the like of which had rarely, if ever, been witnessed; indeed, it filled with consternation many who had permanent interests in California. This human flood was not limited to a week or a month. It continued unabated for many months.

Three months after its inception, on the 3d of July, 1858, the steamer Sierra Nevada arrived from San Francisco with 1,500 passengers. This steamer, when running to Panama, could not accommodate more than 500 passengers.

Next day, July 4, the steamer Pacific arrived with 700 passengers; her complement previously was about 250.

Next day, July 5, the steamer Panama arrived with 800 passengers; her previous complement was about 300.

The same day the steamer Cortez was hourly expected with 1,000 or more passengers.

The steamer Orizaba was announced to leave San Francisco on the 1st of July with a full load of passengers, and the John L. Stephens was about to leave at the same date with 3,000. She was crowded with 1,000 when running to and from the Isthmus.

These steamers could make three or four trips to the Sound in the time required to make one to Panama; hence

the increased number of passengers carried on each trip. It was a veritable bonanza to the Pacific Mail Company.

At the commencement of this influx the miners were landed at Whatcom, that being regarded as the most convenient point from which to start for Fraser river. Subsequently they were landed at Victoria, owing chiefly to a disagreement between the steamship company and the parties owning the water front on Bellingham bay, and partially owing to the action of the Colonial authorities. Before the steamers were withdrawn, however, they and a fleet of sailing vessels had landed on the shores of that bay 15,000 or 20,000 souls. All who could do so left immediately for the mines. Within sixty days from the arrival of the first load of passengers, upwards of 10,000 people had pitched their tents or erected temporary buildings in and around Whatcom, with the view of locating there permanently. When the steamers ceased to land passengers at Whatcom, as they did when their destination was changed to Victoria, there commenced an exodus as rapid and as extraordinary as was the influx. A newspaper called the Northern Light was started there in the height of the excitement by a man from Sacramento. It had been issued about two months, when, seeing the town doomed, the editor inserted a valedictory in the words, "Whatcom has gone in and the Light has gone out," folded his tent and returned to the scene of his former trials and tribulations in California.

The death of Whatcom was the making of Victoria. What hitherto had been known only as a Hudson Bay trading post soon loomed up as a city of goodly promise. The business men of Whatcom, with very few exceptions, together with the floating population, removed to Victoria as rapidly as they could find means of transportation for themselves and effects. Before the expiration of a twelvemonth Victoria boasted of as large stores and as valuable stocks of goods as San Francisco, and long enjoyed a lucrative trade from the Sound. Notwithstanding the fact that it cost $20 to go there by steamer and $20 to return (or, including necessary expenses on shore, $50 for the round trip) many of our citizens visited Victoria annually or oftener, from 1860 to 1870, for the purchase of goods to replenish their wardrobes.

When the Indians saw the swarms of rugged and hardy miners landing at Whatcom and learned that they were Boston men, (or Americans) they were dumb with astonishment. It opened their eyes to the deception practiced by the Hudson Bay people. The news quickly spread among the savages.

Those who witnessed the arrival of the gold-seekers communicated the intelligence to tribes at a distance, and described the Bostons to be as numerous as the pebbles on the beach. That this had a salutary effect on the Indians was soon apparent, for many who were previously bold and defiant now became humble and submissive. If any had indulged a thought of future conflict with the whites, the thought was now abandoned for all time.

As soon as the miners, accompanied by some traders with goods from the Sound, commenced going up the river in goodly numbers, Douglas hastened to the scene and informed them that Fraser river belonged to the Hudson Bay Company, and men must pay for the privilege of mining and trading there. They were further informed that any tools, provisions or clothing they required must be purchased in the Hudson Bay stores, otherwise they would be seized and confiscated. In pursuance of this order several traders lost stocks of goods ranging in value from $1,000 to $2,500, which were seized, sold, and the proceeds pocketed by the Company. The sufferers submitted grumblingly and under protest, but they had then no alternative.

Some estimate the number of miners attracted to Fraser river at 100,000, others think the number much greater. When it is remembered that they arrived at the rate of 1,000 a day, and often 2,000 in a single day, the estimate will not be considered unreasonable. For upwards of six months this human flood tide continued with little variation or diminution. Where did this host of adventurers come from and what became of them are questions that will arise in the minds of some readers.

They did not all come from California; their numbers would have depopulated San Francisco and left it in the sad plight of Whatcom, a deserted village. Sixty days from the date of the discovery they commenced flocking to this coast from Canada and the Atlantic states, bound for Fraser river via San Francisco. Canada sent many, the states more, and they continued coming long after the mines of British Columbia ceased to attract Californians.

The mines were of limited area, and did not admit of more than four or five thousand men working successfully. The paying or promising claims were soon all taken. Quite a number then returned to California, but much the larger proportion remained to explore the country in pursuit of new gold fields. By degrees they spread in all directions. Some followed the course of Fraser and Thompson rivers to the moun-

tains at their head; some came up the Sound and crossed the Cascades, in all the rivers on the eastern side finding gold, but not permitted by the Indians to stay and gather it; some went up the Columbia river into Idaho, and some extended their explorations to Montana. A sensible few wisely abandoned the pursuit of treasure, with its attendant privations and sufferings, and settled on the Sound, some in towns and some on land claims.

Among the first to go from Puget Sound in quest of his fortune on Fraser river was Charles M. Bradshaw, later attorney, legislator, candidate for congress, and collector of customs. He was then a young man of rather spare form, but lacked neither the courage nor energy to successfully prosecute any ordinary undertaking. Unfortunately for the hope which inspired his visit to the mines, he there became so ill that his life was for a time despaired of. While in this critical condition, and fully sensible of his peril, he sent to the writer a verbal request to publish an account of his death, when it occurred, and send a copy of the paper containing it to his old home in the East. Bradshaw had a host of friends in the mines and on the Sound, and there were not wanting willing hands to minister to the sick man with all the tenderness a miner is capable of. He, as also the bearer of the message concerning his death, Samuel McCaw, a trader at that time both in Steilacoom and at the mines, long since have departed for a world where there is neither politics, office, mining nor trading.

CHAPTER IV.

A Little Known Region—Its Harmless and its Dangerous Animals—Adventures with the Latter.

Fifty years ago Washington Territory was a terra incognita to all the world outside its borders, except, perhaps, the Hudson Bay Company officials in London, who undoubtedly were well informed through their agents and subordinates here. It is certain that our own people in the eastern states knew nothing of the character of the country, its resources or capabilities, and such leading men as Webster and Benton described it as not worth a controversy with Great Britain. So thinking, they were ready to relinquish any claim to it on the part of the United States. Of its natural history they were as ignorant as of its topography, or climate, or soil, and were ready to give credence to the most ridiculous and absurd stories of the animal life here. The people of California were no wiser than those of the Atlantic states, and on one or two occasions displayed their gullibility by swallowing, without hesitation, accounts of creatures which existed here only in the fertile imagination of certain wags. They were ready to believe anything to the prejudice of the country, and received all reports of a favorable nature with large grains of allowance.

Of really dangerous animals, such as wolves, grizzly bears, etc., and also venomous reptiles, there are absolutely none west of the Cascade mountains. There is here a comparatively harmless black bear, which will always give a man, woman or child half the road if not molested; a cougar, which is said to be very cowardly in presence of a dog or man, and will run from eitheir; beavers, raccoons, fishers, rabbits and skunks, the latter truly the most terrible of all. More than once the writer has encountered this little animal on Puget Sound, each time accompanied by men of tried courage and undoubted bravery, and has seen the faces of his companions blanch with terror in its presence.

In 1859 I was one of a party of half a dozen young men who ascended the Snohomish river as far as the present site of Snohomish City. Neither town nor settlement then existed on either shore of that stream; there was nothing to disturb

the solitude save an occasional Indian paddling his light canoe up or down the river. On the spot where the town now stands was a building constructed of shakes; it had been used by the natives for a smoke-house in which to cure salmon, and was redolent of the odor of smoked fish. Our party took possession of this building for the nonce, and, when night set in, spread their blankets upon the earth in a circle, and laid down with their feet in the center, just beyond the reach of a pile of ashes and smouldering embers. It was a balmy, bright moonlight night, and the fatigue incident to a tramp in the woods during the day gave promise of a refreshing slumber around the circle. And right soundly did they sleep, too, until about 1 o'clock in the morning, when all seemed to awake simultaneously. Even before my eyes were fully unclosed I was conscious of some fearful impending danger, and glanced across the circle to the faces opposite in the hope of obtaining from them an explanation of the seeming nightmare which had overtaken the party. All were wide awake, but all were motionless and breathless with fear. Soon the dreadful mystery was explained. Deliberately walking around the circle of heads, with bushy tail erect, smelling of our ears as it did so, was as fine a specimen of the mephitis Americana as any of the party had ever seen. When satisfied with its scrutiny, it passed out through a hole in a corner of the building. Then, and not until then, did those brave men breathe freely or give a sign of life.

"Is it gone?" asked the first who was able to command his voice.

'Yes," replied the man who saw it make its exit.

"Thank God!" ejaculated several others, as they drew long breaths.

Though but a few minutes were consumed by the polecat in its investigation, it seemed hours to the terrified men. With one accord they arose to stretch their limbs after the departure of the unwelcome visitor, nor did they again lie down until every precaution had been taken against a repetition of the nocturnal visit.

Mr. E. C. Ferguson, a member of this party, a few years later returned to the scene mentioned and secured it for a homestead. Being in the heart of a large area of excellent timber, which was very accessible by means of the river, it soon became a busy logging region; and Mr. Ferguson's land, by reason of its favorable location, was chosen as the site for Snohomish City. Messrs. O. C. Shorey and Robert Goodburn, also of this party, were for many years residents of Seattle.

At another time I was one of a party enjoying a twilight ride in a large wagon across a small prairie, when we encountered one of these fear-inspiring animals traveling the road at a very deliberate, defiant gait that seemed to say, "Molest me if you dare." Involuntarily I bent down toward the bottom of the wagon box in search of some missile to hurl at the creature. My friends in the wagon immediately divined my purpose, and were filled with speechless alarm; but the driver mustered breath enough to exclaim: "For God's sake don't throw anything at it!" As soon as possible he got beyond the reach of the terrible quadruped, when all again breathed freely and lectured me on the imprudent act I was about to commit.

On several other occasions I have interviewed members of the same family, but always considered "discretion the better part of valor" when in their presence. Fortunately they are never the first to attack; they always await an onset before they have recourse to the demoralizing weapon with which nature has armed them. After the experience here related, I am persuaded there is no animal in Western Washington of which men stand so much in fear as this little hen-roost despoiler.

CHAPTER V.

Generous Bounty of Nature—Mollusks, Fish and Game—A Grand Field for Hunters.

IT is questionable if any State or Territory of the Union contained, when first settled by whites, such varied and bountiful provision for the sustenance of man as the Territory of Washington. Of berries and small fruits indigenous to the climate and soil of Puget Sound there were some fifteen or sixteen different varieties, all of which were more or less pleasant to the taste and healthful to the body. The ripening of these berries covered a period of about three months, from the middle of May to the middle of August, and during a large portion of this period the natives subsisted almost exclusively upon them. It was alleged, for many years after the coming of the whites, that the Indians were in the habit of burning large areas of timber and brush land to promote the growth of berries. This clearly indicates the value the Indians attached to the berries as an article of food. In course of time, as the whites increased in number, the practice of burning the timber with this view was put a stop to by the settlers and lumbermen, backed by a legislative enactment forbidding the wilful destruction of timber.

Many localities in which these berries were formerly abundant have since ceased to produce them, for the reason that the land has been put to more profitable use. The steady encroachments of the whites and consequent cultivation of the soil are fast obliterating every vestige of this once generous provision of nature, and even the names of some of the berries will soon pass out of recollection.

In addition to the provisions above mentioned, there were limitless supplies of clams, oysters, cockles, mussels, fish, grouse, ducks, geese, venison, elk, moose, etc., which were each and all drawn upon in turn to meet the wants of the original inhabitants of this favored region. Very naturally the reader will conclude that, with this long and varied list of fruits, fish and game, the wants of the Indians must have been easily supplied. Of a truth they were. The only labor involved was that of gathering nature's bountiful store, each

in its season, without waiting for seed time and harvest, as does the husbandman.

The clams, cockles, oysters and mussels were formerly gathered and eaten at all seasons of the year, whenever the appetite craved them and when circumstances placed the natives in their vicinity; as, for instance, when one or more Indians were making a trip on the water, and were overtaken by night, or by hunger or fatigue, and, as often happened, were destitute of other provisions, clams or mussels were an unfailing resource. One or both of these bivalves could be found in all parts of the Sound, on the mainland or on the island shores, throughout its entire length of nearly sixteen hundred miles. Oysters were not so common. Clams existed everywhere on the shores, and comprised many varieties and all sizes, from the circumference of a twenty-five cent piece to the dimensions of a Derby hat. The latter were often dried, smoked and stored away for future use, as in the case of salmon and venison. In a dried state these mammoth clams served the double purpose of both bread and meat, and were relished by whites and Indians alike.

The reader will thus perceive that, with this limitless supply of bivalves, there was actually no possibility of the people suffering from famine or starvation. Wherever night overtook them on the shores, if they had no other provision, they had only to build a fire, for which there was everywhere abundant fuel, dig a mess of clams, roast or bake them, and enjoy a feast that would excite the envy of many a city epicure. When these are supplemented by fish in endless variety, from the toothsome and delicate smelt to the twenty-pound rock cod and salmon, and 100-pound halibut and sturgeon, who will say that Dame Nature is not prodigal of her gifts? It may well be questioned if equal prodigality was ever witnessed in any other part of the globe. The foregoing applies only to the shores and waters of the Sound. The lakes and brooks and navigable inland streams are equally prolific of trout.

Of game on land the supply was as plentiful as of mollusks and fish in the waters of the Sound. In certain localities and in certain seasons ducks swarmed in such dense masses, covering the surface of the water for miles in extent, that no skill as a marksman was required to speedily shoot as many as one desired. While they were found at all seasons in greater or less numbers, there were times and places more favorable for the sport than others. With geese it was different; their presence was confined to our mild autumns and

winters; in the spring they returned to their homes in the far north. The grouse have always been and still are plentiful; so much so that good shots seldom fail to fill their game bags in a tramp of one or two hours in the timber.

If the foregoing comprise a bountiful provision of nature for the supply of man's wants in the matter of food, what shall be said of the graceful and gentle deer that roamed in such numbers through our forests? The time was when a resident of a town had but to hail a passing Indian and signify his desire to have some venison, when straightway the latter would depart for the timber, and return in an hour or two with a haunch still reeking with the blood of the slaughtered animal. Settlers living two or three miles from town have assured the writer that they had but to go to the back doors of their dwellings, any early morning in the year, to shoot a fine doe or fat buck for the family. Others, again, have complained of the numbers of deer in their vicinity, as the animals some times invaded their cultivated fields and subjected them to loss of crops.

Moose and elk were never so accessible or easy of capture, but they were sometimes killed in very remote portions of the Territory. The Indians more frequently than the whites have brought down this larger game; their wandering habits often bringing them in close proximity to the animals, while the whites care not to roam so far from home. But why dwell longer on this topic? More than enough has been stated to show that this country would once have been regarded as a perfect paradise by Esau or any other hunter or nomad who lived by the chase.

CHAPTER VI.

Subsisting on Berries—A Paradise for Lazy People—Fond of Sweets—Lines to a Klootchman.

WHEN I first came to Puget Sound, in February, 1858, there were many more Indians than whites dwelling on its shores. Steilacoom was so full of them that one could go in no direction without encountering them singly or in parties. This state of things continued until near the middle of May, when the Indians disappeared in a manner that rather mystified me. By twos, and threes, and half dozens, and families, they silently stole away, until not a solitary Indian remained on the scene which their presence had so lately enlivened. What had become of them? That was a question a stranger could not answer.

Meeting an old resident and personal friend while this perplexing question was uppermost in my mind, I asked:

"What has become of the Indians who so recently thronged the streets of our town?"

"Why, don't you know?" he asked in reply, evidently surprised that I should make such an inquiry.

"No," was my answer. "You should remember that I have not lived here long, and have not yet become sufficiently acquainted with the Indians to know anything of their habits and movements."

"Well,' replied my friend," they have gone into the country to subsist for the next three months or more on berries."

"Is it possible," I inquired, "for them to find enough berries to keep them alive for so long a period?"

"Oh, yes," he replied, "and they grow fat on them, too."

A few days afterward I happened to take a ride of a few miles into the open country, and, sure enough, there I saw the people whose disappearance had seemed so mysterious to me. Some were gathering strawberries on the prairies, some had gathered and eaten to repletion and were in various recumbent positions on the ground, some awake and some sleeping in the warm sunshine, and all as indolent and seemingly contented as it is possible for human beings to be. This was but the beginning of the season with them; these

berries were followed by other kinds in natural rotation, until months elapsed before the supply was exhausted.

After a showing like this, none will have the hardihood to deny that this was at one period (before the whites commenced elbowing each other for room) a paradise for lazy people who were content to live like Indians. And there were not wanting men ready enough to adopt not only the habits of the natives, but also their women; and the cases were not rare in which white men were met who had become by association quite as degraded as the lowest of the Indians. In fact, this state of things was giving birth to a class of vagabonds who promised to become the most vicious and troublesome element in the population; but fortunately the advent of newcomers in large numbers has suppressed this class and forced them into the background, until but a few isolated cases are known to exist now.

There were men, and prominent members of the community, too, who freely and repeatedly expressed the hope that no more whites would ever come to this country. The state of semi-civilization and low degree of morals then prevalent among many just suited them, and they aspired to no higher plane. A large proportion of these men adopted Indian women as consorts, and many of them were indicted by grand juries for maintaining illicit relations with the squaws. These indictments were found under a recently enacted law of the legislature, but the law could not be enforced for the reason that too many of the trial jurors as well as the attorneys were in sympathy with the delinquents.

Nothing that the whites introduced among the Indians here pleased them better than sugar and molasses. They were very fond of sweets of every kind. When employed to do chores for families, as was at one period quite common, the remains of the dinner or supper table, sometimes accompanied with tea or coffee, was usually placed before them. If a bowl containing a pound or two of sugar was left within reach, they were sure to empty it before finishing the meal. They drank the tea or coffee for the sake of the sugar. When left to do the sweetening themselves, they always half-filled the cup with sugar, then poured on enough tea or coffee to saturate the sugar. In this state they drained the cup, using the fingers to draw the sugar and dregs from the bottom.

A well-known storekeeper of Steilacoom once purchased in San Francisco several barrels of Sandwich Islands molasses at twenty-five cents a gallon. He thought it unfit for whites, but good enough for Indians. As usual, when new

goods arrived, a number of whites and Indians were present when the molasses was landed. The natives soon learned the contents of the barrels, and did not lose sight of them until they were hauled to the store. Then they started for tin pails and buckets, meanwhile spreading the news of the arrival among their friends and kindred. So impatient were they to obtain the molasses that the storekeeper was compelled to procure help to serve them. From the tapping of the first barrel to the draining of the last a steady stream of Indians, male and female, old and young, kept pouring in and clamoring for that molasses, paying one dollar a gallon for it. The storekeeper assured the writer that the purchase and sale of that molasses was the best trade he had ever made, and he was somewhat noted for his success in trading. His only regret was that he had not purchased a hundred barrels of it; for the Indians were coming in increasing numbers, some long distances, when his stock was exhausted.

As indicative of the popular taste of the period, I cannot do better than copy some original verses from the "Puget Sound Herald," which were first published in 1858 and republished by request of many readers in 1859, thus showing that the serio-comic muse was highly appreciated. There is a vein of satire and pleasantry running through the verses that renders them irresistible. The descriptive feature of the poem is also good, as all will acknowledge who have closely observed the dusky maidens occasionally seen in our streets:

Lines to a Klootchman.

By Sitkum Siwash, Esq.

Sweet nymph! although of dirtier hue thou art
Than other ladies brought from eastern climes,
To thee I yield the tribute of my love,
To thee I dedicate these humble rhymes;
And if too faint I string my trembling lyre,
Great Pocahontas! thou my verse inspire.

Long time whilom I thought that pallid cheeks,
And blue eyes smiling like the sky at morn,
And auburn curls, and fingers rosy-tipped,
Comprised all beauty that of earth was born;
But other charms, exceeding all of these,
I've found at last on far Pacific seas.

Where Puget Sound its placid waters spreads,
And Steilacoom uplifts its bosky shore,
Paddling the light canoe, the maid I met,

Whose modest graces did enchant me more
Than all the pictures fair by poets wrought
In golden dreams and raptured moods of thought.

Thy well-squeezed head was flat as flounders are,
Thy hair with dog-fish oil resplendent shone,
Thy feet were bare and slightly inward turned,
And e'en I ween of stockings thou hadst none;
But beauty's presence beamed from every part,
Though unadorned by trickery or art.

A blanket red, that had seen better days,
Around thy shoulders gracefully was twined;
And eke a petticoat, that once was clean,
Thy slender waist and swelling limbs did bind;
A mild but fishy odor round thee clung,
As though dried salmon thou hadst been among.

And thus it was; for in the savage home,
Where Indian wigwams look o'er waters blue,
The custom is to spear the speckled fish
And smoke them when there's nothing else to do;
For huckleberries are a watery food,
And clams and oysters are not always good.

But though thou smellest strong of salmon dry,
Though innocent of soap thy hands appear;
Although thy toes turn inward with a curl,
And though thy skull is smashed from front to rear;
Though nameless animals thy hair infest,
Still do I love thee of all maidens best.

Then give me but a blanket and a mat;
Dried clams and fish my only food shall be,
My only house a half-upturned canoe,
Whiskey my drink, and love alone for thee.
Thus fair-haired dames for me will vainly shine
In all the charms of hoops and crinoline.*

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*At the time these verses were written the hoop and crinoline craze was just beginning to wane.

These verses were written by Horace R. Wirtz, a highly gifted surgeon at Fort Steilacoom, in 1858. A graceful and fluent writer, it was no labor for him, when inspired by the Muses, to write in any measure on any theme.

CHAPTER VII.

Early Misrepresentations of the Territory—Americans in Bad Odor—Washington Territory Wonders.

A PORTION of the ignorance of Washington Territory in early days was assumed. Both in California and Oregon were people who pretended to know nothing of this part of the coast; or, if they admitted any knowledge of it, they knew nothing of a favorable nature concerning it. In some cases they represented it to be more forbidding and inhospitable than Alaska, and equally difficult of access. A fair illustration of this spirit is found in the following paragraph, which appeared in 1860 in a California publication entitled "Guide and Register:"

"Washington Territory.—Very little seems to be known about this embryo State, except that it is situated north of Oregon and was once a part of it. We are informed by those who have resided there that it is not a very desirable climate to live in, as it rains almost incessantly in the rainy season for a period of six months."

The editor of the paper named above had been eleven years in the Golden State, and during that period had written much for the press there. In view of the exodus from California to Puget Sound two years before, and the consequent spread of information concerning this section, such a statement was very refreshing. The fact was that California, forty-five years ago, had no population to spare, and her journals and scribes sought to deter people from leaving by misrepresenting other portions of the Coast. They knew much more of Oregon and Washington than they cared to communicate to their readers. It is thus seen that the California boomers of the last few years have only been following in the footsteps of their predecessors.

The rush to the Fraser River in pursuit of gold, in 1858, brought together people of all nations and all races, and they did not readily affiliate. A Frenchman named A. de Mezieres, in a letter published at the time, furnishes evidence of this. Writing to a friend in San Francisco in May, 1858, he said the Indians in New Caledonia (now British Columbia) had a "lively animosity against the Americans, whose name re-

calls to them bitter souvenirs, such as the blankets imported by them which contained the germ of the smallpox, that carried off five thousand of their people, the poisoned watermelons, the execution of one of their chiefs at Olympia," etc. He adds that "Frenchmen are much liked here and treated as brothers by English and Canadians, both of which races have a strong dislike of Americans," who, he said, had "a reputation of excessive dishonesty." In conclusion, he advises his friends to go to the mines by way of the Columbia River, "but avoid as dangerous the company of Americans; prefer that of savages."

When General Winfield Scott was on the Sound to quiet the San Juan disturbance in 1859, Lieut. R. N. Scott was detailed from Fort Townsend to act as an aid on the general's staff, of which Col. Thomas was a member. Lieut. Scott was noted for his bright, happy nature, and he afforded his military associates much amusement by his manner of relating yarns concerning Puget Sound, a fund of which he had acquired during his stay at Fort Townsend. Among the tales he related to Col. Thomas, according to James G. Swan, Esq., was that of the crows stealing clams from the hogs, the current always running one way at Skagit Head, the trees growing so tall that a man had to look three times before he could see the top, etc. These stories seemed so improbable to Col. Thomas that he reported the young lieutenant to Gen. Scott as making sport of his superior officer. The general sent for the lieutenant and, when he appeared, said:

"Mr. Scott, I am informed that you say the hogs of Puget Sound root out clams with their snouts, and the crows steal the clams away from the hogs, and flying up into the air, drop the clams from their beaks and they are broken by the fall, when the crows eat them. Is that so, Mr. Scott?"

"Yes, general."

"Mr. Scott, I am informed that you say the current at Skagit Head always runs one way, whether the tide is ebb or flood. Is that so, Mr. Scott?"

"Yes, general."

"Mr. Scott, I am informed that you say there is an enormous hollow cedar tree on the Chehalis River into which one hundred tons of hay have been stowed. Is that so, Mr. Scott?"

"Yes, general."

"Mr. Scott, I am informed that you say the trees grow so tall in this country that a person has to look three times before he can see the top. Is that so, Mr. Scott?"

"Yes, general."

"Mr. Scott, you may report yourself to Major Haller for duty. Your services are not required here."

If Col. Thomas and Gen. Scott had been less incredulous and slightly inquisitive, they might have learned that there was some truth in the statements of the lieutenant. Crows have been seen to watch hogs root out clams, steal them when they appeared on the surface, fly off a short distance and drop the clams upon rocks, thus breaking the shell, when the crows devoured the contents. It is not very uncommon for rivers to discharge their waters on one shore while the incoming tide is flowing in on the other, thus forming two currents running in opposite directions. As to the enormous hollow cedar, if cut into shakes, such as settlers often construct outhouses with, it could readily be made to enclose a hundred tons of hay; otherwise the story is rather apocryphal. It has often been said the beholder must look three times before he can see the top of one of our tall trees, and Lieut. Scott heard it so frequently that he probably believed it to be true. Being the son of a distinguished clergyman, it is not to be presumed that he would wittingly tell a falsehood.

CHAPTER VIII.

A Speck of War—A British Boar Roots in a Yankee's Garden—The Boar is Killed and Makes Trouble.

A VERY exciting episode in the early history of our Territory was the San Juan Island imbroglio. For a time it actually bid fair to involve the United States in a third war with Great Britain. Long before an American thought of settling upon this island the Hudson Bay Company occupied it as a sheep pasture, for which it was admirably adapted, and also cultivated small portions of it. For some time but a single American resided on San Juan, or Bellevue, as it was sometimes called; in 1858 he was joined by others, until the number reached twenty-five or thirty, when discord arose between our people and the Hudson Bay men. Each claimed for their government the sovereignty of the island. Meanwhile the sheriff of Whatcom County, of which this island then formed a part, seized and sold for taxes thirty head of Hudson Bay sheep. Some time later a man named Cutler, who had taken a claim and was cultivating some land on the island, killed a Hudson Bay boar for trespassing on his garden patch. For this act the English threatened to take him to Victoria to be tried and punished.

Complaints were then made on one side to Gov. Douglas, and on the other to the American authorities. In August, 1859, Gen. Harney, then in command of the military department of the Columbia, ordered to San Juan all the available troops stationed on the Sound, which comprised half a dozen companies of fifty or sixty men each. The British had a small detachment on the island and two men-of-war in the harbor, but the American troops were landed without opposition during the night. The Americans immediately commenced fortifying their position, and in a few hours had eight 32-pound guns mounted and ready to do battle with either the ships on the water or the red-coats on the land.

At this stage the signs were truly warlike, and many people on both sides regarded a collision as unavoidable. But Col. Casey, who commanded the American troops, united discretion with undoubted courage; while Capt. Hornby, the senior British naval officer on the Victoria station,

was no less discreet, sensible and courageous. Had the question of peace or war rested alone with the hot-headed and valorous Gen. Harney and "His Excellency James Douglas, C. B., Governor of Vancouver's Island, &c., and Vice-Admiral of the same," it was thought that war certainly would have been the result of this controversy. Harney was absent at Fort Vancouver, on Columbia River, whence he issued the orders for the military occupation of San Juan Island; Gov. Douglas remained at Victoria, fortunately for the issue of this threatening affair.

The first act of Col. Casey, after a rigid execution of the orders of Gen. Harney, was to invite Capt. Hornby, of the British warship Tribune, to a conference in his tent. In the afternoon the two met and discussed the situation in a sensible and friendly spirit. On the following day Col. Casey and other officers were invited on board the Tribune, where there was an exchange of courtesies that removed all danger of a rupture, so far as these gentlemen had the power to prevent it.

Gen. Winfield Scott arrived on the scene a few days later and withdrew all the troops except a small detachment, which remained in accordance with a mutual arrangement for the joint occupancy of the island. So scrupulous was Gen. Scott while undoing the work of Gen. Harney that he would not even remain on San Juan while his orders were being carried out, but took up his abode on Fidalgo Island.

Emperor William of Germany was chosen arbiter by the two governments, and decided the controversy in favor of the United States. And thus ended the San Juan embroglio, greatly to the disappointment of the Hudson Bay Company, who hoped to have the island awarded to them.

CHAPTER IX.

Unfulfilled Prophecy of Gov. Stevens—A Transcontinental Railroad in 1858—Remarkable Vegetables.

ABOUT fifty years ago the promise of a railroad connecting Puget Sound with Lake Superior was first made. Many who indulged in the hope of witnessing the completion of this great work died twenty years before its consummation, while more than forty years have elapsed since it was to have been finished. A generation has passed away in the interim; only a small remnant now remains of those whose hearts were exalted and gladdened by the prediction.

In the fall of 1853 Isaac I. Stevens, the first governor of Washington Territory, reached Puget Sound, fresh from his preliminary survey of the route for a trans-continental railroad. The possibility of a railroad spanning the continent was no longer problematical. He had solved the problem, and of its feasibility there was not a particle of doubt. In the hight of his enthusiasm he predicted that five years from that time (viz: 1858) would witness the completion of the longest railroad in the world, the terminus of which was to be Seattle. In five years the shrill whistle of the locomotive would awaken the echoes of the Snoqualmie pass and reverberate through the timber of the foothills. His sanguine temperament would not permit him to foresee any obstacle in the way of the accomplishment of so vast a work, which so completely overshadowed anything of the kind previously conceived or undertaken in Europe or America. Railroad building was still in its infancy in the United States, and yet, according to our first governor, this stupendous enterprise was to be initiated and completed in the short space of five years. It will thus be seen that Governor Stevens was inclined to be visionary, though doubtless the most intellectual man that filled the gubernatorial office of our territory during the first twenty years of its existence.

For thirty years did our people wait for the fulfillment of this prophecy. Twenty years elapsed before the building of a branch of this long-hoped-for road, the 105 miles of road connecting Columbia River with Puget Sound having been

finished in 1873. It was not until ten years later that the road promised by our governor was completed. During this long period "the hope deferred" prompted many to seek elsewhere more inviting fields—places where there was more growth, more progress, more improvement than Washington Territory then gave promise of exhibiting.

It afforded no solace to our people to receive, as they did by every mail for many years, letters from the East inquiring if there were any railroads in the Territory, or if there was any prospect of ever being able to get here by rail. So remote and inaccessible was it that many desirous of coming were deterred from so doing by the dangers attending the migration. They lacked the courage to brave the perils of a journey that required six months to accomplish, and which exposed them to the attacks of numerous bands of merciless savages. And the perils of the deep had equal terrors for them, else some of the timid ones desirous of migrating would have come by way of the Isthmus of Panama, which consumed about two months and was far the most comfortable route. But this, again, was rather expensive for large families, and involved the necessity of leaving behind their live stock, much of which they could take with them on the longer overland journey. The reader can thus see at a glance the obstacles in the way of early populating this inviting region, and the urgent need of a transcontinental railroad.

The early settlers, with few exceptions, maintained a regular correspondence with their eastern relatives and friends. In their letters they portrayed the salient features of this country, its resources, climate, etc., and aroused a deep interest in the minds of eastern people concerning it. In addition to letters they also sent papers containing articles descriptive of the country. The receipt of these was acknowledged by letters which stated that the contents were devoured not only by individuals, but by assemblages, with the utmost avidity; the course adopted being to collect all the neighbors in one place and have somebody read aloud to them all that the paper contained, including sometimes even the advertisements. The paper was then borrowed and passed from hand to hand, perused and reperused until it was literally worn to shreds, and still the people continued reading as long as a shred remained. No pen could more forcibly depict the interest felt in the East respecting Washington Territory than is exhibited in this eagerness to obtain information respecting it.

Some of the letters describing the products and character

of the country were of a nature so flattering, yet true withal, that the persons receiving them were incredulous and thought the writers guilty of exaggeration or absolute falsehood.

Thirty-five years ago, while living in Olympia, a friend called the writer's attention to an item in a paper just received from Iowa, in which the editor acknowledged the receipt from a farmer of "a large and beautiful cabbage weighing ten pounds!"

"Now," said my friend, "I am curious to see how that Iowa cabbage compares with those grown here. Come with me to Dooley's market, where I saw a pile of cabbages in passing, and we'll have some of them weighed."

Repairing to the market, Mr. Dooley was requested to weigh some of the heads for us. He took up one of the smaller heads and placed it on the scales. "Thirty-five pounds," said he, and, taking up a larger one, found it weighed fifty-two pounds. At the county fair, held in the same town, cabbages weighing upwards of eighty pounds were exhibited about the same period.

When reading of these productions, so wonderful when compared with those of the Western states, it is not strange that they should marvel, and doubt, and end by saying the people of Washington Territory had become great liars.

Among the visitors to this Territory in the early summer of 1869 was Hon. James Brooks, who for eighteen years was a member of Congress from the New York district subsequently represented by Sunset Cox. He was accompanied by Samuel Hooper and other congressmen, who had been appointed at the last preceding session to visit this coast on a tour of inspection. Having been for many years intimate acquaintances in New York City, Mr. Brooks became the guest of the writer on the occasion referred to. Just then our plum and cherry trees were groaning under burdens of tempting fruit and nature was arrayed in the most attractive garb. He was a native of Maine and could not understand why here, so far north, there should be such a luxuriant growth of vegetation as everywhere met his sight. "Why," he said, "looking in this direction from my home in Maine, I could not be persuaded that this country was not buried in perpetual ice and snow." That it should be otherwise seemed unnatural to him, and so it doubtless seemed to the farmer who thought his friend had become a liar since he took up his abode in Washington Territory.

What a change the fulfillment of the prophecy of Governor Stevens would have wrought! If the railroad had been

completed in 1858, as he predicted, Washington today would be one of the most populous and wealthy states of the Union. Tens of thousands of those who located in Kansas, Nebraska and other new states would have found their way hither, and there is little room to doubt that our population ere this would have comprised a million souls. Resources that yet lie dormant would now be in course of rapid development, and the 3,200 miles of railroad we possess today would probably have been multiplied into 10,000, penetrating the most remote sections of our territory, and forming a network that would render all parts of it easily accessible. The naval station would many years earlier have been established on the Sound, and the complete fruition of their hopes would have been realized by the most sanguine of the pioneer settlers. But why speculate on "what might have been?" We are coming to it fast enough now.

CHAPTER X.

Indian Piracies on Puget Sound—Decapitation of Col. Ebey—Indian Slaves.

FOR twelve or fifteen years subsequent to the first settlement upon the shores of Puget Sound, among the worst dangers encountered by the whites were the incursions of the Northern Indians. Long anterior to the appearance of the whites the savages of Nootka Sound and Queen Charlotte and Vancouver islands made frequent visits to the Sound, always intent upon murder, rapine, and the capture of native women and children, whom they carried off to their northern homes and converted into slaves. Cunning and wary, as all savages are, more or less, they invariably managed to escape with their plunder. The numerous islands, bays and inlets of the Sound afforded excellent opportunities for these piratical visits, especially when there were no fast steamers to pursue them. The incursions were made in large canoes, each containing from twenty to forty stalwart savages, nearly all physically superior to the natives of Puget Sound. With twenty, thirty or forty paddles in muscular hands, they could propel these canoes at a speed beyond that of the ordinary steamer, and could also enter waters where larger craft could not follow. It will thus be seen that they incurred but little danger when on these piratical expeditions.

During these incursions of Northern Indians it fared ill with any force they met or overtook, on land or water, weaker than themselves. Several parties of white men in small boats on the Sound from time to time disappeared and left no trace; they were believed to have met their fate at the hands of these savage marauders. In such cases the boats and their occupants, after being plundered and murdered, were unquestionably sunk.

Early in the winter of 1858 the sloop Blue Wing left Steilacoom for Port Townsend, having on board Mr. Ernest Schroeder, a well-known merchant, and six other persons. About the same time the sloop Helen Maria left Utsalady with ten persons on board, among whom was a woman, three children and two men from Grennan & Craney's mills,

for the upper Sound. All disappeared, leaving no sign whatever of the fate that had befallen them. In June, 1860, in the course of a trial in a Victoria court, the Indians guilty of the murder of Schroeder and his companions (and, it is presumed, of the ten others also) were discovered, and were then in Victoria. They belonged to the Hydah tribe. Steps were taken to procure a requisition for their arrest and punishment, but the efforts in that direction, it is said, were frustrated by Gov. Douglas, whose wife was of Indian blood. Of course he had sympathy with the savages, and would not allow punishment to fall upon them unless satisfied beyond every reasonable doubt that they were guilty.

The year before the piracy just narrated, in August, 1857, Col. Isaac N. Ebey, Collector of Customs at Port Townsend, met his death at their hands in a most inhuman manner. He resided on a claim on Whidby Island, nearly opposite the port of entry, in an exposed and totally unprotected position. In the silent hours of the night he was called out of his house, the Indian pirates fell upon him and, not content with killing him, severed his head from his body and carried it away. Some years later his scalp was exhibited by his murderers up north, for the reason that they regarded him as a tyee, or a great man, and it was considered highly creditable or valorous to kill a man of note.

Thus their periodical visits to the Sound were always marked by some blood-curdling atrocity, though it was not always known who were their victims. Indeed, they are supposed to have butchered many of whom there is no record.

So bold were these Indian pirates that no part of Puget Sound which gave promise of plunder was too remote for their visits. In plain view of Steilacoom, one of the most populous towns on these waters, they visited a claim on McNeil Island, where the United States penitentiary is now located, and destroyed the improvements thereon after plundering it of everything portable. Fortunately for the settler, he was absent at the time; if he had fallen into their hands, he probably would have met the fate of Col. Ebey.

In the first and subsequent issues of the "Northwest" at Port Townsend, in 1860, John F. Damon called attention to these incursions, and earnestly appealed to our government to afford settlers on the Sound the protection they so much needed. About that period these piratical visits were most frequent, and it was then extremely dangerous for people to venture far from the shore in small boats any-

where below Seattle. Steamers and other vessels coming up the straits often reported seeing Northern canoes full of savages coming this way, and these reports always filled with apprehension those who had friends or relatives living in isolated and exposed places near the water.

Mention is made above of the Northern Indians converting into slaves the captives they secured in their incursions on the Sound. Among all the aborigines on the Coast, from California to Alaska, a system of slavery has prevailed to a recent time, and there were on Puget Sound, until very recently, slaves in a number of the tribes. These slaves were captured during periods of hostility between the tribes, much as prisoners of war are taken among civilized nations; the only difference being that the Indian captives are not paroled or exchanged, but remain passive and willing slaves until they die or are recaptured. In former years there were a number of Northern Indian women held as slaves on the Sound, who probably remained in servitude as long as they lived. A somewhat remarkable feature of this institution among the Indians is that the slaves never attempted to escape, though they had ample opportunities for doing so. They always seemed reconciled to and even happy in their captivity. Such were the social relations existing between the slaves and their masters or mistresses that it was difficult to distinguish one from the other. If the slaves were drudges, their mistresses shared in the drudgery, though perhaps not to the same extent. In fact, the native women, whether slave or free, always seemed most happy when engaged in some laborious occupation, while the bucks, their "lords of creation," sat listlessly looking on.

CHAPTER XI.

Everybody Known—Social Gatherings—Early Currency—Indian Traditions.

IN 1858 the permanent white population of Puget Sound numbered four or five thousand. The total vote of the Territory at several successive biennial elections was less than twenty-seven hundred, and there were very few women and minors at that time, so that the vote represented nearly the entire population at Walla Walla, on the Columbia, and on Puget Sound. Then only such as led sequestered lives were unknown to all the others; those whose business or vocations required an occasional trip on the Sound where soon brought in contact and became acquainted with every inhabitant of its shores. This will not be considered strange when it is borne in mind that for some years there was no perceptible change in population; therefore, when one left home on business or pleasure, he always met the same faces. At social gatherings and on festive occasions it was customary to invite everybody from Port Townsend to Olympia. This was necessary for the reason that there were not enough women in any single town to make up an enjoyable party, or to furnish partners for a dozen or more men at a dance. When a ball was given in Seattle or elsewhere on the Sound, it was always advertised as a "grand ball," and none of your common affairs. The Masonic fraternity was somewhat noted for getting up these entertainments, and usually managed to enlist a steamer to pick up couples and convey them to the festive scene. It never happened for many years that more than one town at the same time celebrated the Fourth of July. All united and concentrated their numbers and means for the general enjoyment at one place. It was mainly through the agency of these reunions, where the same people met again and again, that acquaintances were formed and sometimes friendships cemented.

On the approach of a steamer to a town every inhabitant (except a few women who could not leave home) would hasten to the landing to see and greet the passengers, among whom strangers were rare indeed. Several extremely pleasant trips on the Sound are recalled by the writer when he

knew almost everybody dwelling on this side of the mountains. Invariably, as the steamer neared Seattle, the same familiar faces were seen coming to meet her, with H. L. Yesler, Hillory Butler, Frank Matthias, Charley Terry, John Collins and others at the head of the procession. When within hailing distance the salutations commenced with "How are you, Smithers," "How are you, Denny," etc., and continued until all were duly recognized. Of course, everybody knew and hailed me; and on one occasion, after the mutual salutations were ended, I heard a voice from a lumber pile exclaim, "Cla-ha-yu, tillicum!" equivalent to "How are you, friend?" Looking in the direction whence came the voice, an Indian was recognized from whom I had repeatedly purchased venison, clams and fish at Steilacoom. He had no notion of being a stranger when all others were acquainted, and was gesticulating in a lively manner when he drew my attention.

At Port Townsend, on like occasions, other well-known countenances were always seen, with Van Bokkelen, Hastings, Fowler, Taylor, Pettygrove and Swan at the head of the crowd. The same cordial greetings were exchanged here; all were known and all were friends. So at Olympia, too, and at the different mill ports.

All this is now changed. No such genuine pleasure can be derived from a trip on Puget Sound today as was experienced thirty years ago. All are strangers where before all were friends and acquaintances. Many of these well-remembered friends have bidden an eternal adieu to this world; some are daily expecting a summons to depart. The few who yet survive are lost to view in the multitudes who have come to take their places.

In those days the smallest currency in circulation here was a "bit," equivalent to 12½ cents. As there were no 12½ cent coins, dimes had to take their place, but a single dime was called a "short bit," while a dime and a half, or fifteen cents, represented a "long bit." When a purchaser placed on the counter of a store a 25-cent piece in payment for any article the price of which was a "bit," he received a dime in change, thus paying fifteen cents, a "long bit," for the article. Of course, the storekeeper would receive a dime in lieu of a "bit"; but if, as sometimes happened, a stranger or new-comer was provided with a sackful of dimes, and paid out nothing else in his daily purchases, he was scowled upon as often as he visited a store, and was regarded as a parsimonious customer whose trade was not worth having.

Many of the pioneer settlers of this coast left their homes when Spanish, Mexican and South American shillings (so called) were more plentiful than dimes, and were accustomed to call four of these shillings a half-dollar, eight of them a dollar, and so forth. Hence it will readily be seen how they came to adopt the system above described; it was the natural sequence of their early training in the matter of currency. Half dimes, nickels and coppers did not reach this distant region until some twenty or more years ago, and the hope has often been expressed that they would never obtain general circulation here. But their introduction sooner or later was inevitable, and all are now reconciled to the use of coins for which they once had a strong aversion. For a long time it was difficult to prevail on the Indians to receive half-dimes or nickels in change or in payment for clams or fish; but they also, like the old settlers, finally yielded to the inevitable, and now receive them unhesitatingly.

Not a few writers and others at different times have made diligent inquiry for the traditional lore of Washington Territory, but invariably with unsatisfactory results. Several narratives purporting to be Indian traditions have from time to time been published, but they were simply the fruit of fertile imaginations, with little or no foundation. That they have some traditions, however, is beyond question, for no people have yet been found so low in the scale of intelligence as to be entirely destitute in this respect.

Among the traditions of the Washington Indians is one to the effect that many moons ago (perhaps several thousand) two mountains, of which Rainier was one, engaged in a terrible battle, during which they discharged at each other great masses of fire, and vomited forth smoke and ashes in immense volumes, which shut out the light of the sun. One of the mountains was annihilated; the other remains to embellish one of the grandest pictures of mountain scenery on the face of the globe.

Now, this is a rational and plausible tradition, for Rainier affords today ample evidence of having once been a volcano in active eruption. The extinct crater is clearly defined, and was plainly visible to all who have succeeded in reaching the summit. Nor is this all; for steam incessantly issues from crevices in the crust that covers the mouth of the defunct volcano, thus proving conclusively that fires are yet smouldering in the interior of this majestic mountain.

Some time prior to 1860, Mr. George Gibbs, a scientific gentleman attached to the United States Boundary commis-

sion, then locating the boundary of the British territory on our northern side, sought to possess himself of some Indian traditions, if any existed among the aborigines of that period. He finally met an Indian whom he thought likely to afford the desired information, and interrogated him somewhat after the following manner in Chinook, which is rendered in English for the comprehension of the general reader:

"Did you ever hear your father or any of the old Indians speak of any great event that happened long before their time?"

"Oh, yes," replied the Indian.

"What was it?" asked Mr. Gibbs.

"Many moons ago, I have heard them say," replied the Indian, "this whole land was covered by water by a big rain, and all the people except one tyee (or chief) and his family were drowned."

"What was the name of the tyee?" asked Gibbs, now quite hopeful of getting a veritable tradition.

"Him named Noah," was the answer.

"Another missionary story!" exclaimed Gibbs, thoroughly disgusted with the result of his inquiry, and now convinced that the only traditions of the Indians hereabouts were Bible stories obtained from the missionaries.

CHAPTER XII.

Military Disbursements on Puget Sound—Troublesome Soldiers—Relations with Officers—Life at Fort Steilacoom.

NO visitor to Puget Sound before the Civil War was more eagerly looked for or more heartily welcomed than the United States army paymaster. For some years Major Alvord filled this position, and it is no compliment to him to say that he was an extremely popular man. His appearance always relieved the money market and gladdened the hearts of sutlers, saloonkeepers and traders generally. The professional gamblers, of whom this entire coast had a large representation from the first discovery of gold in California, were also on the alert on such occasions to obtain a share of the money the paymaster disbursed, and they invariably succeeded in getting a large portion of it; for many of the soldiers, after settling with the sutler and drawing their pay, lost no time in going to the nearest town and investing what remained in a faro bank or some other gambling scheme.

A comparatively small amount of money will go a long way among a small number of people. So it proved in regard to these periodical disbursements by the paymaster. The same sums put in circulation now, with our largely augmented population, would make no perceptible difference in trade. At the time spoken of it had a remarkably enlivening and stimulating effect, plainly discernible especially in the countenances of business men. None of the resources of the country save that of lumber were then in process of development, and the money derived from that source did not suffice to meet the wants of traders and others outside of the mills. This explains the reason why the coming of the paymaster was always looked forward to with pleasant anticipation.

In 1858 there were four military stations garrisoned by United States troops on or near the shores of the Sound. They were respectively Fort Steilacoom, Fort Townsend, Fort Bellingham and Semiahmoo bay. At these four stations the pay to officers and soldiers aggregated $76,000 annually. The commissary department disbursed about an equal amount, while the quartermasters expended much more. In round

figures the military contributed about $300,000 annually to the money in circulation on Puget Sound. This, it will be seen, was no insignificant sum when confined to not more than three thousand people, which comprised about the population of the Sound at that period.

Though the existence of the garrison and the presence of the soldiers was of great benefit in a business or pecuniary view, it was not an unmixed good. There were many hard characters among the troops, whose proper place was the penitentiary, and whose vicious proclivities were only partially kept in check by the rigid discipline enforced by their officers. When off duty and away from their quarters, they sometimes menaced the peace and property of the citizens, and occasionally one or two would be turned over to the civil authorities for infractions of the civil law. When inebriated they were always more or less troublesome and sometimes dangerous. On more than one occasion citizens have been indebted to the timely presence of the officers for their escape from threatened injury at the hands of parties of drunken soldiers.

A case in point, and also one showing the admirable discipline prevailing in the army, occurred on a Fourth of July in Steilacoom. All of the soldiers at the garrison, except those in the guardhouse, received passes to go into town and unite with the citizens in celebrating the natal day. For some hours they were very orderly and peaceful, but by degrees they reached various stages of drunkenness, until finally the men who had come into town as harmless as doves became perfect demons, ready for any atrocity. Just then one or more of them proposed to take the town, or, in more modern parlance, "paint the town red." And they could have done so, for they were sufficiently numerous. One of the citizens, hearing their threats, reported them to me. Seeing Major Haller in a group of gentlemen a short distance off, I approached him and communicated what had been told me. Instantly placing his arm in mine, we directed our steps to Moorey's grog shop, then the worst resort for drunks in town, where we found upwards of a hundred of the "bulwarks of liberty" in the humor for any devilment. The major saw at a glance how matters stood, and acted accordingly. Tapping on the shoulder the nearest soldier, whose back was turned to him, the major said:

"Go to the garrison, my man."

Promptly saluting by touching his cap, the soldier replied:

"But I've got a pass, major."

"I don't care a damn for your pass; go to the garrison!" sternly responded the major.

Without more ado the man started in the direction of the garrison, when the major tapped the next man on the shoulder and repeated the order. He, like the first, remonstrated by saying he had a pass, to which the major responded as before. By this time the others saw the game was up, and, when the major ordered the entire crowd to return to the garrison, they marched off as meek and submissive as lambs, saluting him as they departed. I have never doubted that, but for this prompt action on the part of Major Haller, somebody would have been killed or badly hurt on that day.

Another incident, illustrative of the discipline then prevalent, occurred at my printing office. The soldiers were very friendly to my paper, quite a number subscribed and paid for it, and some were in the habit of visiting the office at intervals. Among them was a man named McDonald, whose visits were too frequent and too protracted to be always agreeable; he was often in a maudlin condition, and at such times especially was a bore. Lieutenant A. V. Kautz was also a frequent and very welcome visitor at the office, and happened to be in when this man made his last call on me. As the man opened the door and was about to enter, the lieutenant asked, in a low tone:

"Do you want that man in here?"

"No," I replied.

Then turning to the soldier, he said:

"Go out, McDonald."

The soldier hesitated and began to mumble something that was unintelligible to us, when the lieutenant, in a tone more stern than before, said to him:

"Go out, McDonald, and never come here again."

He never did enter my office again, and I was duly grateful for the riddance.

It was not wise or safe for civilians to incur the enmity of any of the soldiers. If they could not alone or unaided gratify their revenge, none of them were so low or degraded as to be unable to find among their companions some who were willing to join them in raiding the premises of citizens who had offended them. Hence forbearance was often exercised toward soldiers under circumstances that would not have been tolerated with citizens. Officers could not always be present to restrain their vicious propensities, which were sometimes indulged in the quiet hours of the night, when they were supposed to be slumbering in their quarters. To the

Indians they were always a source of terror, for the soldiers rarely met one without subjecting him to treatment more or less cruel. If he had money or valuables of any kind, they invariably robbed and beat him.

Not the least pleasant recollections of early days on Puget Sound are those connected with the army officers. Those at Fort Steilacoom were among the first to extend to me and others a cordial welcome to the country; they were always courteous, affable and sympathetic, and never omitted an opportunity to do a kindly act for any of the citizens who merited it. This remark applies to all in a greater or less degree, from Colonel Casey, the commanding officer, down to the sergeants. To Lieutenant (later General) A. V. Kautz especially I cannot here refrain from acknowledging my indebtedness for assistance and counsel on many occasions when they were of much value to me. He was a frequent visitor to my office, and always manifested a deep interest in the work I had undertaken. Major Haller and Lieutenant Kautz took an active part in the last Indian wars in this Territory, and rendered efficient service in subduing the savages.

In addition to the gentlemen mentioned, many others are gratefully remembered, and among them Lieutenant (now General) McKibben, who visited Seattle a few years ago. Some of these officers entered the Confederate service, but the larger number espoused the Union cause. Among the former were Captains Jordan and Pickett, who figured prominently on the rebel side during the war. For a short period Captain Jordan acted as quartermaster at Steilacoom. Volunteers took the place of the regulars here on the breaking out of the Civil War, and "held the fort" until the close of the rebellion; soon after which it was given to the Territory, by congressional enactment, for an insane asylum.

It is gratifying, indeed, to the old settlers, to know that promotion came to nearly all the army officers of the days before the Civil War. Few came short of securing commissions as Brigadier General, several were Major Generals, while Sheridan became Lieutenant General and Grant General and President. It is believed there were satisfactory reasons for all failures to secure high rank.

There was probably no military station in the United States at which the officers enjoyed garrison life so much as at Fort Steilacoom. All were loud in praise of the climate and surroundings, which they pronounced superior to those of any of the states or territories elsewhere. As evidence of their sincerity, it may be stated that, after being stationed at Fort

Steilacoom a few months, the officers became so strongly attached to it that it was not uncommon for them to shed tears when ordered to other garrisons. Lieutenant Kautz has repeatedly informed the writer of such scenes. It was one of the hardships of military life that the officers were liable at any moment to be called away from stations the most delightful and ordered to others the most repulsive. For some reason best known to the war department they were constantly shifted from place to place; an officer seldom remaining at one station longer than a year or two.

Colonel Haller and General Kautz at an early day gave substantial evidence of the estimation in which they held this country. More than forty-five years ago they invested money in lands in several towns and counties on Puget Sound, and have done so from time to time since. So strong was the faith of General Kautz in the future of Seattle that just before his death he supplemented his own means by borrowing large sums for investment in this city.

CHAPTER XIII.

A Pacific Republic—Union Leagues—Plot to Capture a Revenue Cutter for Piratical Purposes.

IT is known to but few persons now living in the Territory that at one period there was in serious contemplation establishment of an American republic on this Coast independent of the United States, to embrace all the States and Territories west of the Rocky Mountains. Some who were cognizant of such a project, at the time it was suggested and discussed, have doubtless forgotten it, but it is yet fresh in the memory of the writer, and will be recalled by others who peruse this allusion to it.

At an early stage in the great civil war it became apparent that there were in California, Oregon and Washington, men ready to aid in the destruction of the Union by every means within their power. They were creatures who had not the courage to face the dangers of the battle field, else their zeal would have led them to remain at the east or induced them to go there and openly espouse the Confederate cause by taking up arms in its defense. They were northern copperheads and doughfaces, (so called then) far more despicable and treacherous than the worst of those in open rebellion against the best government on earth. Here, thousands of miles from the theater of war, it was safe to hatch treason, and they lost no time in availing themselves of the opportunity their isolation afforded. In secret they plotted, here and elsewhere on the coast, to dismember the Union, with a view to aiding their confederates in the Southern states.

But, though there were many then living here in sympathy with the rebellion, there were not wanting patriots to take measures to counteract the influence and defeat the machinations of the traitors. Union Leagues were formed with this view, and loyal men promptly responded to the summons to organize in defense of their country against secession and against a Pacific republic; the latter being one of the schemes contemplated by the disloyal northern men.

Prominent among the patriotic Union men of that time was Judge Wyche, associate justice of the Territory; he was born and raised in Mississippi, and was every inch a souther-

ner, but he had no sympathy for the Confederate cause. Another notable and leading Union man was Rev. A. R. Elder, a Kentuckian by birth and training. Mr. Elder was long and favorably known as an Indian agent on the Sound, and also preached at intervals, being a member of the Christian church. These two gentlemen were distinguished for their zeal in organizing Union leagues, and labored unremittingly until they had established them in every town and hamlet on Puget Sound. Other southern men were loud in their denunciation of the rebellion and its sympathizers, but the two named were the most zealous in the cause of their country.

The result of the battle of Bull Run and other reverses created widespread consternation on Puget Sound. So great was the alarm here that at least one of our citizens, reputed to be the wealthiest man in the Territory, had all of his portable property conveyed to Victoria and deposited in the vaults of a bank there, deeming it no longer safe on American soil. It may be added that he was not a supporter of the administration, nor overburdened with patriotism. Several others, of like political prejudices, are alleged and believed to have followed his example. These men, after securing their wealth by this means, would have experienced no terror at the appearance of a rebel pirate cruiser in these waters—nay, they in some instances would have welcomed one as an auxiliary in carrying out their treasonable schemes.

Though the disasters in the East were disheartening, the loyal men here did not lose faith in the ultimate triumph of the Union arms. They maintained with unabated interest and vigilance their Union leagues, and were ready at all times to crush the first demonstration of a treasonable nature. But for the thorough organization of the loyal element on the Pacific Coast during the rebellion, there is little doubt that an effort would have been made to establish here a republic independent of the Northern States and in sympathy with the Southern Confederacy. How long it would have lived is a question we are spared the trouble of solving.

While the formation of a Pacific republic was in contemplation, a plot was arranged for the capture of the revenue steamer Shubrick, then one of the most valuable and useful vessels in that branch of the government service. She was a handsome sidewheel steamer, far from slow for those days, perfectly seaworthy and safe for ocean navigation, carried four or five brass cannon, and had a good supply of small arms, ammunition, etc. She was well equipped for a piratical cruiser, and there were not wanting desperate men enough in

Victoria to make up her crew. It was said the requisite number was actually enlisted there in anticipation of her seizure, and were only prevented from carrying out their infamous plot by its timely discovery. At this time Capt. Pease, a Southern man, was in command of the Shubrick, and it was supposed he would not scruple to aid the conspirators by placing the steamer in their hands, though he might decline to remain on her as master. The steamer made periodical visits to Victoria, and it was on one of these occasions that she was to be seized by the pirates. A large portion of her crew were in league with the would-be captors, and were to assist in her seizure. Mr. Allen Francis, then United States Consul at Victoria, heard of the plot and immediately communicated with James M. Selden, then first officer under Capt. Pease. Acting upon the consul's advice, Lieut. Selden left Victoria with the steamer while the captain and most of the crew were on shore, and arrived safely at Port Townsend with six or seven men, instead of the usual complement of thirty or forty. Capt. Pease did not rejoin the cutter, but proceeded east by way of San Francisco and the isthmus of Panama. Part of the plan of the would-be pirates was to intercept and plunder the Pacific Mail steamers from California, which continued to carry large amounts of treasure, aggregating upwards of a million dollars every fortnight. The prize was certainly worth the risk, but fortunately the scheme was never consummated.

The facts as here related are substantially as published by Thomas Stratton, then and since in the revenue service, but now deceased. He claimed to be familiar with all the circumstances, and narrated them in much greater detail than they are here given.

CHAPTER XIV.

Pioneer Steamboating—The Traveler, Major Tompkins, Ranger, Constitution and Eliza Anderson—Yesler Mill Did Not Run to Olympia.

ONE of the wants most seriously felt on the Sound in early days was that of steamers. Of canoes there were enough to get around from place to place, but canoes were uncomfortable to travel long distances in, and were at all times unsafe and dangerous to all but the natives, who were accustomed to their use from infancy. No white man short of a Blondin was ever safe in one of the canoes in use here, unless he had more or less Indians with him to keep the frail and treacherous craft properly balanced. To the absence of other and safer boats is due the loss of a score or more of valuable lives that could ill be spared from the small number then inhabiting these shores.

The events that followed in the train of the Fraser river gold discovery, however, went far to remedy this evil. The ships that brought gold-seekers also brought whitehall boats, and plungers, and one or two small steamers, which were a valued acquisition at that time.

Among the first men in San Francisco to foresee the need of these small craft here was Capt. John S. Hill, who arrived in the latter part of 1858 with a small but comfortable side-wheel steamer called the Ranger. The hull of this little steamer was only a little larger than those of some of the largest canoes seen on the Sound, and few nautical men would have had the temerity to venture on an ocean voyage of 800 miles with her. But Capt. Hill, who had no practical knowledge or experience of ocean navigation, did not lack the nerve or daring to attempt it. With an engineer, a cook and a deck hand, (the later relieving the captain and engineer alternately) he steamed out of the Golden Gate on a calm summer day. Closely hugging the shore, the little steamer made good headway until Cape Mendocino was reached. On nearing the outer point of the cape he found the sea too boisterous for the Ranger, and put back and anchored close in shore. For three weeks he was kept there, occasionally getting up steam and venturing out to take a look at the

ocean beyond, and at the same time seeing vessels of all kinds passing north and south; but weather that was safe for them was not safe for his steamer. Fortunately for him and his companions, the Ranger was well housed and well provisioned; so the only thing that troubled them was the uncertainty of reaching their destination. Finally fortune favored them with a smooth sea on both sides of the cape, and they prosecuted their voyage without further interruption, safely arriving at Port Townsend at the end of six weeks from the date of their departure from San Francisco. A more perilous voyage has rarely been undertaken, and its achievement was creditable to the prudence not less than the daring of Capt. Hill. This little steamer did good service until she was actually worn out, some years later.

On reaching Victoria, Capt. Hill applied to Gov. Douglas for a license to run in Britsh waters, deeming it likely that the privilege might be of future value. The governor bestowed a look of astonishment on the frail craft, then, turning his gaze upon the daring captain, said: "A man who would make an ocean voyage in a boat like that deserves a license," and executed one accordingly. But the license was not required, as the little steamer found employment enough in American waters.

At the period of the Ranger's arrival on the Sound the propeller Constitution, Capt. A. B. Gove, was plying between Olympia and Victoria, stopping at intermediate ports and carrying the mails, passengers, etc. She made one trip each week, and her passengers numbered from fifteen to thirty each trip. Sometimes her mail was limited to a single sack for the entire Sound, Olympia being the distributing point. This steamer was often a week, and never less than three or four days, making a trip that is now made daily within twenty-four hours. But many vexatious delays occurred then from causes that do not exist now. Fuel and water were not always to be had when wanted, and the most trifling accidents to machinery involved protracted waiting until a blacksmith could be found with sufficient skill to repair the damage. Capt. A. B. Gove purchased the Constitution at auction in Olympia on the 15th of March, 1858, for $10,050, the United States marshal being the seller. The steamer Sea Bird was then making irregular trips between Puget Sound and Fraser river, where she was finally burned to the water's edge some two years later, while moored to the wharf at New Westminster.

The Constitution was succeeded by the sternwheel steam-

er Julia, sometime later came the Wilson G. Hunt, and still later the Eliza Anderson, both sidewheel steamers. For some ten years the Eliza Anderson ran on the Sound, much of the time without opposition, and it is said that during this period she earned more money than she could carry. While this steamer was charging and receiving $20 each for carrying passengers from Olympia to Victoria, 150 miles, the Brother Jonathan and other ocean steamers were performing the same service between Portland and San Francisco for $5 in the cabin and $2.50 in the steerage. In the one case, however, there was monopoly; in the other active competition. Proportionate rates were charged by the Anderson for carrying freight of all kinds, and especially live stock. For horned cattle from Steilacoom to Victoria she received $8 per head, for hogs and sheep $2 per head, and she often netted $2,000 on a single trip. So great was the demand for her services in this connection that she was sometimes compelled to make two trips in a week. In addition to the large sums thus earned she received for some years a handsome subsidy for carrying the mail, for which the government paid at one period $36,000 per annum for a weekly service only. In view of these facts it may readily be believed that in the course of her career she earned enough money almost to sink her.

A portion of the money earned by the Eliza Anderson was applied to the building in the East of a splendid steamer named Olympia, which was designed to take the place of the Anderson. The new steamer arrived in due course, made several trips to Victoria, was there sold to the Hudson Bay Company, her name changed from Olympia to Princess Louise, and she has since run exclusively in British Columbia waters.

Prior to this remarkable career of the Anderson a resident of Steilacoom, named Geo. Parkinson, had the mail contract for the Sound awarded to him, and procured the Enterprise, a new steamer just built in San Francisco, to perform the service for him. After running about six months between Olympia and Victoria, she was also purchased by the Hudson Bay Company, who placed her on the Fraser river and Victoria route. Parkinson then abandoned the service and left the country. His bondsman, Philip Keach, was forced to carry the mail under Parkinson's contract. Being unable to get a steamboat, he for a long time performed the service with a small sail vessel, the sloop Narcissa. This was, of course, quite unsatisfactory, and to the pioneers was too much like going back to the mail service of 1853, when Moxlie car-

ried letters and papers between Seattle and Olympia by canoe for 25 cents apiece.

D. B. Finch, subsequently well known as purser and captain combined of the Eliza Anderson, first came to Puget Sound as purser of the Enterprise. Few men on the coast were poorer than Mr. Finch at this time; ten or twelve years later he was envied for his wealth. His position on the Anderson enabled him to accumulate money very rapidly and in a perfectly legitimate manner. He had the steamer's earnings to loan and to speculate with, and used the money in both ways greatly to his pecuniary advantage. On the Sound, at the different towns, he would purchase butter, eggs and vegetables, and sell them in Victoria at double the price he had paid for them. In Victoria he purchased at auction large quantities of Sandwich Islands sugar and sold it on the Sound for double and treble what it cost him. The men who shipped cattle on his steamer often needed five hundred or a thousand dollars to pay balances due the persons from whom they purchased before shipment; these sums Finch was always prepared to loan them at one or two per cent., principal and interest to be paid him on arriving at Victoria. By these methods it is said that he made money faster than the owners of the steamer, and there is reason to believe he did.

On the 3rd of March, 1858, the steamboat Traveler, Capt. Slater, sunk off Foulweather Bluff, about seven miles from Port Gamble, then called Teekalet. She had on board six white men and two Indians. The captain and four of the white men were drowned; the engineer and two Indians escaped by swimming. Her loss was due to her unseaworthy character. She belonged to W. N. Horton of Olympia, and carried the mail on the Sound.

In 1855 the Major Tompkins, quite a large but unseaworthy boat, was wrecked at the entrance to Esquimalt harbor; the disaster being confined to the steamer, no lives being lost. She did the first towing on Puget Sound, though essentially a passenger craft. The Major Tompkins served the people here a year and a half.

First of all steamers on the Sound was the Beaver. She was English built and belonged to the Hudson Bay Company, in the service of which she was exclusively employed.

The first American steamer here was the Fairy, brought by the Gove brothers in 1853. She did not last long, nor did the Water Lily, belonging to Capt. Webster, brought here soon after the Fairy. These two small steamers, the Traveler and the Major Tompkins were lost before my time.

The water front of Seattle now is in marked contrast with the water front forty or more years ago. Now, whether the moon shines or not, the wharves and landings and the water adjacent are brilliantly illuminated after nightfall; then, when neither moon nor stars were visible, thick darkness enveloped the shore and all objects contiguous to it, afloat or on land. Then it was not strange if occasionally, as sometimes happened, a perfectly sober man stepped from the wharf into vacancy, for the end of the wharf could not be discerned in the darkness, and the unfortunates only found out that they had reached the jumping off place when they plunged into the water. And these involuntary immersions occurred at intervals until the electric lights enabled people to distinguish water from land. Now it is only those who wander about the wharves with large-sized bricks in their hats who step or tumble off into the water. To them it matters not whether daylight or darkness prevails; if there is a hole near, they invariably get into it.

In December, 1859, during a recess of the legislature, then in session at Olympia, some of the members visited Seattle. On the morning of their departure, at 5:30 o'clock, about the hour they expected to be summoned on board the steamer to return to Olympia, a loud steam whistle was heard. Supposing it came from the steamer, they lost no time in getting out of bed and into their clothes. Hastening out into the dark street, and directing their steps toward the water, they soon entered what appeared to be the engine room of the steamer. After waiting there some time, one of the gentlemen asked the engineer how soon he would leave for Olympia.

"This sawmill doesn't run to Olympia, sir," replied the man.

The reader will readily concede that the darkness must have been rather dense when our law-makers could not see the difference between Yesler's saw mill and a steamboat.

CHAPTER XV.

A Frenchman's Success in the Liquor Business—Charles Ben Darwin—Rations of a Petit Jury.

THERE is reason to believe that a diminutive Frenchman living in Steilacoom forty-five years ago, but since dead, availed himself of the knowledge and possession of certain chemicals to finally build up a trade in intoxicating liquors of considerable magnitude. Originally a gardener by profession, he experimented with the chemicals while following his legitimate pursuit. After he succeeded in perfecting an imitation of several wines and liquors, he invited acquaintances to his house to partake of the liquids, purely in a hospitable way, and would scrutinize their countenances while drinking, to see if they betrayed a suspicion of the fraud he was practicing on them. As none condemned the little Frenchman's liquors, he was emboldened to increase the product, and finally commenced to sell it in pint bottles at his dwelling, without going to the expense or trouble of procuring a license. In a clandestine way he sold a good deal of the stuff to loggers and Indians, and finally realized enough money from the illicit traffic to enable him to branch out in a large saloon, after acquiring considerable real estate.

"It is a long lane that has no turn," and the adage proved true in the case of this Frenchman. After a remarkably prosperous career, during which his surroundings almost daily exhibited a marked improvement, he was on two occasions arrested for selling liquor to Indians. In one of the cases he escaped by the non-appearance of the witnesses; in the other case the witnesses could not be bought off, (because he would not pay them enough, it is presumed) and he was compelled to appear for trial. One day, as the time for his trial drew near, he was met by an acquaintance, who asked if he was ready for trial. "Oh, yes," he replied, in a very cheerful and confident tone.

Now, the acquaintance knew that two young white men had seen him sell the liquor to the Indians, and were ready to swear positively to the fact. Curious to know on what the Frenchman based his confidence of acquittal, the acquaintance asked:

"But how are you to overcome the testimony of the two white witnesses?" naming them.

"Vy, I proves zat I vas ze uzzer side of ze mountain ven I sell ze visky to ze Indians," he said.

Sure enough, when the case came on for trial, a day or two later, the Frenchman, through his attorney, pleaded not guilty, to the surprise of everybody save his counsel, and he was surprised later. For the defense, a chronic drunk, about as degraded a wretch as men get to be under the influence of liquor, was called to the witness stand. In attempting to reply to the first question put to him he stammered and halted, and then gave vent to sounds such as issue only from the lips of men in a maudlin condition; and was finally told by the attorney to step down. Convinced that this, the only witness for the defense, was hired by the Frenchman to perjure himself, the attorney, after a whispered remark to his client, requested a plea of guilty to be entered. Thus ended his attempt to "prove that he was on the other side of the mountain when he sold the whisky to the Indians." A light sentence followed, but there is reason to believe it did not cure him of the propensity to violate the law in this respect.

Charles Ben. Darwin, recently appointed from Iowa, was judge of the district court at this period, and a more scholarly man has rarely been called to the bench of any state or country. His education was not confined to the law. He was a linguist of no mean pretensions, besides having an intimate knowledge of several of the sciences. When he asked the Frenchman if he had anything to say before sentence was pronounced, his attorney, Hon. O. B. McFadden, arose and said:

"Your honor, my client knows so little of English that he could not make himself intelligible."

"Let him speak in his native tongue, then," the judge replied; "the court will understand him."

He then questioned the prisoner in French and received a negative answer.

On another occasion, at the same term of court, during a brief intermission in the proceedings, he overheard the clerk, in reply to a question of one of the attorneys, say "Si, senor." Instantly the judge turned to the clerk and addressed him in Spanish, intimating a desire to converse with him in that language. The clerk excused himself by saying he was not sufficiently familiar with Spanish to use it in conversation.

Judge Darwin soon became conspicuous for his promptness in checking the insolence of attorneys who took advantage

of the license they enjoyed under his predecessors. These he speedily brought to a proper degree of decorum and respect by imposing fines and not remitting them, as is too often done. He was equally prompt in punishing or reprimanding officers of the court for any irregularities they might be guilty of. While holding court in Steilacoom he directed the sheriff to see that the clock in the court room was kept in order, and to be sure that his watch agreed with it. The jurymen and bailiffs were also charged to be governed by the same clock. Two days later the sheriff (Ike Carson) was ten minutes late. The moment he entered the court room the judge said:

"Sheriff, you have kept the court waiting ten minutes. Clerk, enter a fine of fifty dollars against the sheriff."

Mr. Carson immediately paid the fine and was always punctual thereafter. One juryman was fined $10 for being late, and another was ordered to be imprisoned and fined a like sum for appearing in the court room drunk.

Judge Darwin was disliked only by those who had suffered through his rigid enforcement of discipline and the laws. It has always been deeply regretted by many, and especially by the writer, that he was implicated in the scandal which resulted in his removal. He then went to San Francisco, where he became a leading member of the bar, distinguished at that time for its many bright legal lights.

While treating of legal matters, it may not be amiss to insert here a requisition made by a petit jury in Steilacoom in 1859, while deliberating on their verdict. The men of that time were not wanting in appetite, if they did sometimes want the means to satisfy it. The order referred to was as follows:

"You will please send to the honorable petit jury of Pierce county the following rations:

"One ham;
"Twelve dozen eggs;
"Two pounds butter;
"Six loaves of bread;
"Three cans of oysters;
"Three do. pears;
"Three do. peaches;
"One gallon whisky (Scotch);
"Five gallons of lager.

"L. F. Thompson, Foreman."

As will be seen, liberal provision was made for liquids, it is presumed with a view to aiding digestion.

CHAPTER XVI.

Old and New Names of Localities—Nicknames, Odd Names and No Names.

THE names of several localities hereabouts, well known to the general reader, are not the names they bore originally. For instance: British Columbia was once called New Caledonia, New Westminster was known as Queensborough, and destined, as some supposed, to become the capital of the province. Before Victoria became a city it was called Fort Victoria, and before that Fort Camosun; it was then the headquarters of the Hudson Bay Company on this northwest coast. San Juan island was frequently called Bellevue island.

Coming nearer home, like changes are noted on the Sound within the same period. For many years Port Gamble, the most important lumber mill on the coast, was named Teekalet. West Seattle was formerly called Freeport and Milton. Whatcom, Sehome, Fairhaven and New Whatcom are all now known as Bellingham. Tumwater once was Newmarket, Auburn was Slaughter, Sumner was Franklin, Olympia Smithfield, Tacoma Commencement City and Seattle Duwamish.

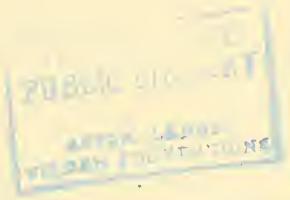
Henry A. Atkins, the first mayor of Seattle, was unknown to his most intimate friends and associates by any other name than "Dick" Atkins. His pile driver bore the same name. It is doubtful if any one living knows how he came by the name "Dick."

D. B. Ward was known to the writer forty-five years ago, but it was not then known that D. stood for "Dick" in his name. Somebody has made that discovery in later years. At the period mentioned he was an occasional correspondent of the Puget Sound Herald, and the editor never troubled himself to inquire what the initials represented so long as his letters were acceptable. Though his true name is Dillis B. Ward, many will persist in calling him "Dick Ward" as long as he lives.

Few men in the past have been heard of more than Joe Surber, and yet he never was "Joe," but "W. H.," as he signed himself and was legally.

Thirty years ago no man in Seattle was better known than C. C. Perkins, and yet few, if any, of those who knew

SEATTLE IN 1871



him most intimately had any knowledge of the names represented by the initials "C. C." He had resided here for many years, and his name frequently appeared in print in connection with public meetings, council proceedings, and finally as the husband of Mrs. Picht, once the partner of August Mehlhorn in the Schmieg brewery. It was always C. C. Perkins. Shortly before leaving Seattle for British Columbia, where he died twenty years ago, he was before one of the courts in a case in which his full name was required. Then he gave his name as Corn Cob Perkins. The court thought he was jesting and threatened to punish him for contempt. He persisted in asserting it was "Corn Cob," and the court had no alternative but to enter it so on the record.

The subject of names brings to mind the late Judge O. B. McFadden, whose genial nature and laughing blue eyes will be recalled with pleasure as long as there remains alive one who had the good fortune to be personally acquainted with him. His name, the judge used to say, was a gift bestowed by his parents that he was not at all grateful for. At his christening he received the name of Obadiah, and never became reconciled to it. Sometimes the two initials were printed with an apostrophe, thus: O'B. Few outside of his own family would have known that his name was Obadiah, did not his indignation impel him sometimes to speak of it in bitter terms. It was extremely repugnant to him, and annoyed him to such a degree that he frequently insisted that parents had no right to name their children. Consistently with this view he and his good wife refrained from naming their children, and left them free to choose such names as pleased them when they were old enough to decide for themselves what names they desired to be known by. Under this arrangement the first daughter was called "Sis." When another daughter was born to them they called the first "Big Sis" and the second "Little Sis." Their first boy was called "Bub" until he had a brother, when one was called "Big Bub" and the other "Little Bub." The absence of names did not mar the pleasures of the family, which was known and esteemed, during the lifetime of the judge, as one of the happiest in the Territory.

Not a few young people of both sexes have been made unhappy by the uncouth names saddled upon them without their knowledge or consent. Judge McFadden was not alone in sympathizing with such unfortunates and protesting against the outrage. A Chicago gentleman who was blessed with four children, and who had probably, like the Judge, suffered a life-long mortification because of a detestable patronymic, de-

termined that they should not be sad for this reason. Instead of imposing any distinctive names upon his children, he simply designated them as "One," "Two," "Three" and "Four," thus leaving to each the choice of a name when old enough to do so.

CHAPTER XVII.

Our Mild Winters—Rains Not so Bad as Stated—Preferable to Eastern Weather.

MUCH ignorance, not unmingled with some prejudice and incredulity, existed abroad for many years in regard to the climate of Washington. And this notwithstanding the earnest efforts of the first settlers and the pioneer press to enlighten the outside world. But it would not be enlightened, for the reason that many intelligent Eastern people obstinately persisted in thinking that it ought, and therefore must rain, hail, snow and freeze here nine months in the year; such weather being the natural sequence of its high northern latitude. In vain were they assured of the contrary; it could not be other than they thought and believed. It was idle for scientific and scholarly men, some of whom kept meteorological records in early days, to assert that the most equable and healthful climate on the globe was found on Puget Sound; few or none would credit it. Many who located permanently here were skeptical until years of observation and experience convinced them; and not a few, even to this day, retain the delusion that the actual rainfall is much greater in duration and quantity than the records give evidence of.

Some forty years ago a cultured and sensible lady of Olympia, who had then been in the Territory but a few weeks, but who had come to stay, heard so many conflicting and exaggerated reports of the winter rains that she could believe none of them. Many people informed her that "it rained incessantly for six months," and she did not credit it. Desirous of getting the truth, she concluded to keep a weather diary. At the commencement of the rainy season she entered upon her self-imposed task, faithfully recording each morning and evening the condition of the weather. For six months she kept the record, never omitting in a single instance the daily entries. Then she exhibited the result, to the confusion of the grumblers and to her own satisfaction. It had been an ordinary winter, with the usual amount of rain. This lady's diary showed that there had actually been more sunny than rainy days during that "horribly wet winter," as many others

termed it. And so it is with our most disagreeable winters; they are never so bad as some people imagine them to be.

In 1862 a genial doctor named Price came to Puget Sound from the East and temporarily located in Steilacoom. For some months he skirmished around for practice, but the population was too sparse and the climate too healthy to afford him a livelihood at his profession. After drifting to and fro on the Sound for a year or two, visiting in turn the towns and mill ports from Olympia to the straits, and meeting nowhere sufficient encouragement to induce him to settle permanently, Dr. Price departed for Southern California. For three years he remained in that sunny clime—three years of uninterrupted drouth, during which every blade of grass and every shrub shriveled and died from lack of moisture. Thousands of sheep and cattle met the same fate from the same cause—lack of life-giving and life-sustaining rains. Of patients the doctor found enough there, but he wanted something more than patients. The incessant sun and dust and parched vegetation soon became monotonous, and he longed for the verdant fields and forests of Puget Sound, with its refreshing rains and numberless streams. At the close of the third winter in the Sunny South Dr. Price turned his steps northward, arriving in Olympia in March. On the morning after his arrival the sky, which had been clear for several days, gradually assumed a leaden hue from gathering clouds, and soon a gentle rain commenced falling. At this moment the writer saw the doctor issuing from the banking house of Mr. George A. Barnes, on Main street. As he stepped out on the sidewalk he removed his broad-brimmed sombrero from his head, reverently turned his face toward heaven, and said:

"Thank God, I am once more in a country where it rains!"

"Hello, doctor," said I, instantly recognizing my old medical friend, "what does that mean?"

"Why, it means, Mr. Prosch," replied the doctor as he cordially grasped my hand, "that for three years I have lived in that God-forsaken country, Southern California. It has not rained there in all that time, and I want no more of it. I would not receive that entire region as a gift if compelled to live there."

Among the residents of Olympia, upwards of thirty-five years ago, was a highly cultivated lady from Connecticut, where she had lived all her days to the time of coming to this Territory to rejoin her husband. She had been two years in Olympia when circumstances demanded her return to her

home in the East. The two years she had passed here were characterized by no exceptional weather; the summers were warm and dry, and the winters wet and mild, with neither ice nor snow to mark them as differing from our ordinary winter seasons. On the eve of the departure of this lady, at her request, I called, accompanied by my wife, to bid her adieu. Rarely have I witnessed grief so poignant as our parting friend exhibited on this occasion. Amid sobs she gave expression to her sorrow at being compelled to leave a climate so delightful, exclaiming:

"I cannot tell you how deeply I dread a return and exposure to another Connecticut winter! The contemplation of it fills me with unspeakable terror!"

It was late in the autumn, and wintry blasts, snow and ice had already visited the home she was going to. Unhappily for her, she was very susceptible to extreme cold, while our equable climate was just suited to and enjoyed in the largest measure by her. Our rains had no disagreeable feature for her when contrasted with the winters of her native state. Her residence of two years here had not effaced the recollection of the terrible winters she had passed through in the East; the thought of returning brought them back to memory as vividly as if but a day had elapsed since she last experienced their severity. To others the sultry summer heat of the Eastern states is a source of as much dread as the winters were to this lady, and the absence of both here is soon discovered by intelligent people who are not insensible of heat and cold.

Mrs. Dr. Warbass, long of Olympia but later a resident of Seattle, was another estimable lady who always regarded our winters in a more favorable light than many of her friends and acquaintances. Indeed, she was slow to admit that there was any very disagreeable weather in Washington, and was always an earnest defender of it. About thirty-five years ago she visited her friends and relatives in the East, and there heard the climate of Washington assailed and grossly misrepresented. She stoutly denied that it was as bad as some had described it. "Well," one remarked, "it rains a great deal in Washington Territory." Mrs. W. admitted that it rained a great deal here, "but," she added, "our rains are dry rains." And there was a measure of truth in what she said; for, during many of our winters, the rains have come in the form of mists so light and warm that outdoor work has been prosecuted without cessation through the entire season by men in their shirt sleeves.

Apropos of the "dry rain," it is related that a gentleman walking through a rural district on a rainy day overtook a boy going the same way, and remarked to the juvenile that it was disagreeable weather.

"Yes, sir," replied the youth, "this is a wet rain."

Struck by the emphasis placed by the youngster on the word "wet," the gentleman asked:

"Did you ever know or hear of a dry rain?"

"Yes, sir," answered the boy.

"When and where was it?"

"The rain of Sodom and Gomorrah," promptly replied the juvenile.

Our rains are not so dry as that of Sodom and Gomorrah, nor are they so wet as those of California and Oregon, not to mention the frequent destructive rains of the Eastern states, where they are often productive of devastating freshets, a thing unknown here.

CHAPTER XVIII.

The Hanging of Indians—The Law of Judge Lynch—An Insane Man Hung—Shooting of Gibson and McDaniel—Three Men Strung up in Seattle—Carey and Cora in San Francisco.

THE first legal hangings on Puget Sound were of three Indians who with others attacked Fort Nesqually in 1849, and were captured, tried before Judge Bryant and promptly punished at Fort Steilacoom. Leschi, the famous chief of the Nisquallies, was the next victim of the law, he being hung at the same place in February, 1858, for murders committed in 1855 at the outbreak of hostilities with the whites. In King county Indians were killed by white men, and white men killed by Indians in pioneer days. A few white men in Seattle in 1853 took the law in their own hands, and hung two Indians. For this offense two of the whites (Maurer and Heebner) were tried in the District Court, but not convicted, though one of them openly admitted his guilt when pleading in the courtroom. In those days it was much easier to convict and punish an Indian than it was a white man.

Of what is variously termed "mob law," "lynch law," "hanging bees," etc., Washington Territory had a fair share. Pierce county became somewhat noted in early days for affairs of this kind, they having occurred quite frequently there. The first remembered is that of an Indian who killed a Chinaman in Steilacoom by pushing him off a log down an embankment, breaking the neck of the Celestial. Somebody witnessed the act, which was alleged to have been committed with the view of robbery. Two or three hours later the inanimate body of the Indian was dangling from the same log.

Another Chinaman, partner of the murdered man, with much apparent satisfaction, acted as executioner on this occasion under the advice and direction of the white men.

About the same time a young man named Bates, without any provocation or apparent cause, shot and mortally wounded Andrew Byrd, than whom no man in the county was more highly esteemed. Bates was locked in jail and Byrd was

placed in the hands of surgeons, whose skill failed to keep him alive longer than twenty-four hours. The jail was forced, the murderer taken out, carried to the rear of the town and suspended by the neck to a hastily improvised gallows until dead. There is little doubt that this man was insane, but such was the estimation in which his victim was held that any attempt to save Bates would have been futile.

The worst case of "mob law" in that county, however, took place about ten years later, when two men named Gibson and McDaniel were riddled with bullets in and near Steilacoom. On the 22d of January, 1870, at an early hour Gibson and McDaniel were on their way to town to appear before E. R. Rogers, a justice of the peace, to answer the charge of trespass; Gibson, at the instigation of McDaniel, having jumped part of the land claim of Chas. Wren, a half-breed living in a precinct known as Muck, about eight miles from Steilacoom. When some two miles from town they were intercepted by forty or more people from the country, who at early dawn the same day had concerted measures for "the protection of their rights and the riddance of Gibson and McDaniel." These men instantly shot Gibson, mortally wounding him, it was supposed. McDaniel thereupon proceeded to town, as did also the "vigilance committee," as they were called, with the body of Gibson, who was still alive, lying in the bottom of a wagon. When in sight of the town Gibson raised himself in the wagon, seized a pistol belonging to one of the committee, and fired two shots from it, slightly wounding two persons. He was then shot through the head and instantly killed.

Meanwhile McDaniel, having preceded the committee, entered a saloon and voluntarily disarmed himself of all weapons save a knife. He then came forward and requested to be heard, when somebody cried out, "Shoot the son of a bitch!" He now started to run, the committee following, and was making his way in the street leading to the wharf when he was shot in the head and neck. After falling he received several shots, and life was supposed to be extinct before the last shot was fired.

The men who did this killing were foreigners with two exceptions, and many of them were former Hudson Bay employees, some of whom were French Canadians and some half-breeds. In April, about three months after this event, seventeen of the participants were indicted, bonds fixed at $1500 each, and the trial set for the next term of court, six months

distant. Of the whole number only four men were arrested and none punished.

A deep and widespread sensation was caused by this event, and much indignation found expression among people in Olympia and elsewhere who knew anything of the circumstances leading to the killing. Many of those concerned in this bloody tragedy were said to be worse men than their unfortunate victims, and, if justice were done them, would long before have expiated their crimes on the gallows. These men were creatures of Wren, ready at any time to do his bidding, and doubtless were hired by him to do precisely as they had done. He had grown rich by robbing the Hudson Bay Company and other neighbors of cattle, and could well afford to pay a few thousand dollars for the murder of two men who had the courage to oppose his depredations.

The most thrilling, exciting and important event in this connection that ever took place in the Territory was that of January 18, 1882, when Howard, Sullivan and Payne were hanged in a row on James street, in Seattle, upon a scantling suspended between two maple trees alongside the old residence of Mr. Yesler. It was important because it had the effect of ridding the city for years of lawless characters, who kept the citizens in perpetual fear for their lives and property.

At 6 o'clock on the evening of the 17th, as George R. Reynolds was proceeding down town from his home, he met Wm. Howard and Jas. Sullivan, who demanded his money and a moment afterward shot him, inflicting a wound from which he died in two hours. An hour after the shooting the citizens met as a vigilance committee and organized searching parties, who scoured the city in all directions. At 10 o'clock the murderers were found by Gardner Kellogg and H. A. Atkins, hidden in a pile of hay on Harrington & Smith's wharf. They were placed in the custody of the police and the next morning examined before Justice Coombs. The evidence left not a shadow of doubt of their guilt. Then the people took the murderers and hung them.

In October, three months before the event just narrated, Benj. Payne deliberately shot David Sires in the street, while the latter was on duty as policeman. Payne was arrested by Jas. Woollery the same night and lodged in jail, there to remain until he found means to escape or until such time as he could be brought to trial without danger of conviction. After the hanging of Howard and Sullivan, somebody reminded the people of the almost forgotten murderer in the jail, and two hundred men started at once after Payne, whom they brought

down to the maple trees and strung up beside the other two.

Clear as was the guilt of these men, it was extremely doubtful if either of them could have been convicted and punished under the law as then and now too commonly administered. It too often happens that the law affords more protection to the criminal than it does to his victim. There is usually no sympathy, in or out of court, to spare for the murdered man and those dependent upon him; it must all be bestowed upon the murderer. This is a sufficient vindication of the people for their prompt and praiseworthy action in the hanging of the three men named.

Long after the event just narrated, when somebody spoke to Mr. Yesler of cutting down the maple trees upon which these men were hanged, he is reported to have said:

"Those trees never bore but one crop of fruit, and that was the best crop that ever trees bore."

Well and truly said; no trees ever bore so good a crop. To show the salutary effect of this action of the citizens an amusing incident, related to the writer at the time it occurred, will suffice. For some months previous to this wholesome hanging there was a steady stream of blacklegs and cut-throats flowing into Seattle, and hardly a day passed that did not bring one or more of them from Portland. Among the number were these three men. On the day of the summary execution the police ordered the gamblers and all suspicious characters they could find to leave town. Soon after this order was issued, one of the policemen, while on duty on the wharf, witnessed the meeting of two well dressed men, one of whom had just landed and the other he recognized as one of the banished gamblers. The latter immediately related to his friend the occurrences of the day, and concluded by saying that he and others had been ordered out of town.

"And are you going?" asked his friend.

"You bet I am," was the instant reply.

It was evident that the scenes of that memorable day had inspired him with a fear of the people which he had never entertained of any court of law or justice.

On a Friday afternoon in May, 1856, when scores of people were passing and repassing in all directions, James P. Casey stepped from behind a wagon on Montgomery street, San Francisco, and coolly shot in the breast James King, of William, one of the noblest men that ever lived. A day or two later he died of the wound, a martyr in the cause of the people against ruffianism and lawlessness, which until then had been fostered by the courts. When Casey saw that he had effectu-

ally done his hellish work, he turned to an officer and said: "Take me in custody." He had no fear of the law, but he did fear the righteous anger of the people.

Charley Cora, a well-known San Francisco gambler, was in jail at this time awaiting a second trial for murder on an appeal. A few months before, in one of the streets of that city, he deliberately took by the coat collar U. S. Marshal Richardson, and sent a bullet crashing through his brain. When Cora in his prison heard of the killing of King, he for the first time trembled for his own safety. He instantly realized that this crowning act of ruffianism would exhaust the patience and forbearance of the long-suffering people, and doubted not that both he and Casey would now be hung for their crimes. On meeting within the prison walls, he bitterly cursed Casey, and exclaimed: "You've hung me, too!" Very true. When the vigilance committee (which in this instance embraced upwards of five thousand of the best citizens of San Francisco) called at the prison for Casey, they took Cora to bear him company. They had been friends and companions in life and were not parted in death; both being launched into eternity at the same moment on Sacramento street.

Neither Casey nor Cora would have been hanged, as outraged law and justice demanded, if the people had not taken the matter in their own hands. Nothing ever occurred in San Francisco that contributed so largely to the wellbeing of the city as the summary hanging of these men and the banishment, at the same time, of a hundred or more like characters. For several years after this event there were neither burglaries, nor murders, nor arsons committed in San Francisco, and there was no city in the United States in which life and property were so safe. It was during this period that garroting and highway robbery were crimes of nightly occurrence in New York city, and no man's life or property was safe there after nightfall. It is thus seen that vigilance committees are very useful in communities where the criminals are so numerous that the police cannot cope with them, but it is essential that they hang one or two to inspire the others with terror.

Jim Casey was for some years the dictator of San Francisco. He named and elected the magistrates and other officials, who, of course, thus became his tools and at the same time his support; each paying Casey tribute according to the emoluments of his office. Having at his back, ready at all times to do his bidding, a gang of the worst ruffians that ever cursed any community, many citizens were intimidated and afraid

to resist his demands or orders. Not content with ordering the election officers to deliver to him the ballot boxes, after an election, that he might stuff them with ballots containing the names of his creatures, he had the audacity to procure and station in front of a polling place a 24-pound cannon, loaded with powder and ball, and threaten to demolish the building if the ballot-box was not delivered to him. At one period shooting scrapes in which Casey was involved were of almost daily occurrence in the streets of San Francisco. These and kindred outrages he could perpetrate with impunity because the judges of the state and city courts owed their positions to him. It was for having the courage publicly to denounce the acts of this ruffian and his associates that James King, of William, was shot down in open day and in the presence of many people passing to and fro.

CHAPTER XIX.

Prolific Cows—He Left the Country by Invitation—The Liquor Trade of Early Days.

IT has often been claimed, and not without reason, that the Puget Sound country was unsurpassed in its adaptability to stock raising. The grounds on which this claim was based were the mild and equable climate and the existence of pasture throughout the entire year, thus requiring neither housing nor feeding. The remarkable fecundity of some of the cows in former years, however, was a boast made by at least one man, and for a long time with apparent truth.

In 1858 the most prosperous ranchman of Pierce county was a half-breed named Charley Wren. He was reputed to be worth $50,000, and his wealth and prosperity were attributed to the remarkable breeding quality of his cows. Starting originally with only two or three cows, in a very few years he had a larger herd of cattle than any of his neighbors. While the cows of his neighbors came up minus calves in the breeding season, Wren's prolific cows were reported to have two or three calves each. And when cattle traders came along in pursuit of bovines, they always found Wren had some to sell, while his neighbors had none to spare, because their stock did not increase.

Now, Wren was a ruffian and bully, and would fight, if necessary. Therefore the more timid of his neighbors cared not to be too inquisitive in regard to the fecundity of his cows. But finally forbearance ceased to be a virtue with others than the timid ones, and they set a watch upon the prosperous ranchman. This resulted in discovering that Wren and his hired hands, at the time of branding the young stock, corralled all the calves of his neighbors within reach and put his brand upon them. For work of this character his ranch was favorably located; the land containing a stream of water to which the cattle resorted for drink, the pasture in the vicinity being good, and the surrounding land being without fences.

While thus enriching himself at the expense of his neighbors, Wren furnished the money to build the Masonic hall at Steilacoom (an imposing building for the time and town) and

had many loans outstanding at three per cent per month. He was a member of the Masonic order, but that did not deter him from putting his brand on calves belonging to brother Masons. But long-continued success made him bold and indiscrete, and he was finally caught stealing the full-grown cattle not only of his near neighbors, but of the Hudson Bay Company. For the robbery of the latter he was arrested, tried and acquitted; but his long-suffering neighbors would not acquit him. They quietly discussed the situation unknown to him or his friends, formed a vigilance committee, and said committee informed Mr. Wren that he must leave the county within a week or incur the risk of being strangled with a rope. He thought they were in earnest, and lost no time in setting his house in order and migrating to Victoria. There he died a few years later, after being engaged for some time in the butchering business, of which he had acquired some knowledge and skill while slaughtering Hudson Bay cattle in Pierce county.

Among the complaints filed in a suit for debt, about the year 1862, was one by a storekeeper named Moorey, whose principal stock and trade was whiskey. Accompanying the complaint was an itemized bill showing the indebtedness of defendant. The list embraced articles purchased and was in form somewhat as follows:

James Smith to P. J. Moorey, Dr.

Jan. 1.	Six drinks whisky, qr. sack flour	$2 75
Jan. 2.	One gallon whisky	6 00
Jan. 8.	Four glasses whisky and 3 lbs. sugar	1 00
Jan. 15.	One gallon whisky and 2 plugs tobacco	6 50
Jan. 20.	Five glasses whisky, qr. sack flour	2 60
Jan. 23.	Three gallons molasses and 4 glasses whisky	3 50
Jan. 29.	Six glasses whisky and 3 lbs. rice	1 00
Feb. 4.	Four glasses whisky	50
Feb. 7.	Nine glasses whisky	1 10
Feb. 12.	One gallon whisky	6 00

And so on until the list was quite a yard long and made a total of some $300. Defendant made default and judgment was given for the amount claimed. The plaintiff knew the judgment was good, and bided his time until occasion offered for its collection.

At this period the settlers in the vicinity were selling their surplus live stock to dealers in British Columbia, and, among others, the debtor herein mentioned effected the sale of ten or twelve head of cattle for about $300. An hour was appointed for the payment of this sum, and punctually on the spot was

Moorey, as well as his debtor. The purchaser soon appeared with the money in $20 gold pieces, and was in the act of handing it to Smith when Moorey stepped between them and extended his open hand for the money, which he received by virtue of the judgment. So the unfortunate defendant had to content himself with the knowledge that he had had the fun of swallowing in whisky that band of cattle. Peter J. Moorey is now numbered with the dead. In life he was the owner of one of the most valuable farms in the county, besides holding mortgages over other farms. He commenced business with a thirty-gallon barrel of whisky, and was believed, years before his death, to have large amounts of coin buried in places known only to himself.

But this was only one of many similar cases. It rarely happened, however, that recourse was had to the courts for the collection of whisky bills; the unhappy victims preferring to make extraordinary sacrifices rather than imperil their credit in the stores dealing in the article. With hardly an exception these inveterate topers were discharged soldiers or former Hudson Bay Company employees, who, on the completion of their terms of service, settled upon donation or homestead claims.

It was a common practice among these whisky-drinking farmers of Pierce county, on coming into town, to bring a gallon keg, painted blue, and have it filled with whisky for home use. This practice was confined mainly to former Hudson Bay employees and discharged soldiers, most of whom were Roman Catholics. So much money was spent by them for whisky that they had nothing left for the church. Father Rossi at the garrison and Father Vary in town lectured them to no purpose. Finally the latter gave them a talking to in a sermon that made them weep, but whether from contrition or mortification is not known.

Though this vice of intemperance was demoralizing to the last degree, it did not have the effect of shortening the lives of its devotees until a later period, whence may be dated the introduction on this coast of impure or adulterated liquors. For ten years or more the death of an adult in this Territory from natural causes was unknown. Hence this country acquired a reputation for healthfulness beyond that of any within the knowledge of the existing settlers, who had come from all quarters of the United States, Canada, and some from Europe. But about the year 1863 half a dozen seemingly healthy men in Pierce county successively "gave up the ghost" and were buried, not one of whom betrayed signs of failing health a

month previously. Nor did they die of old age, for none were much past the meridian of life. They had all been for many years hard drinkers, but their intemperance was attended with no visible ill effects, so far as their health was concerned. The only rational conclusion, therefore, was that their speedy demise was due alone to the adulterated liquors then introduced. About this time, it is remembered, certain chemicals were claimed to possess all the virtues of the varied wines and liquors in use, and it was said that one could carry in his vest pocket ingredients sufficient to manufacture enough to stock the largest saloon on the coast. Indeed, twenty-five or thirty years ago it was said to be impossible to find any pure wine or spirits in San Francisco.

In the legislature of 1859-60 an act was passed, to take effect on the first of June, 1860, prohibiting the sale of impure or adulterated wines or liquors, and imposing heavy penalties for violations of the law. Mr. C. J. Noyes, of Kitsap county, introduced this very necessary law, but it was never enforced.

This reference to the Legislature brings to mind the fact that the venerable John Webster, for many years a resident of Seattle, was a member of the body at this period—before the war of Rebellion. He was a Whig and later a Republican, upon the organization of that party. Democrats of various and discordant stripes were in large majority at every session. So great was the lack of harmony in the dominant party in the Legislature that Mr. Webster was repeatedly an arbiter on questions upon which they were divided; in other words, he held the balance of power in that body, and was thus placed in a position of no little responsibility. The testimony of legislators of the time was that he used his power with good judgment. Like good report came of another member of the minority party—the late Arthur A. Denny—who in the first legislatures attained great influence by reason of his reliability, integrity and good business principles. Messrs. Denny and Webster differed from too many of their associates of pioneer days in that they both were strong, faithful and conscientious advocates and adherents of temperance. Oliver P. Meeker, of Pierce, though of shorter legislative experience than Denny and Webster, was of the same character morally, politically and otherwise, and was always on the side of right as he carefully and critically viewed it.

The business of severing the bonds which united husband and wife was once monopolized in this Territory by the legislature. Any man desiring to be relieved of the matrimonial yoke had only to make the fact known to the member

representing his district or county, and the job was done without more ado. The legislature of 1859-60 divorced many couples by special enactment, all on the application of men whose wives were in the East. In some of these cases the wives would not rejoin their husbands here under any consideration; in others they would have done so if the means had been afforded them; in a majority of the cases the husbands were weary of their first loves and desired to ally themselves with dusky maidens of the forest, or, in a few instances, with affinities of their own race. Obtaining divorces in those days was easier than catching fleas. The Legislature in the days under review served the people in all the various ways in which they are now aided by their local municipalities. I granted ferry licenses, chartered companies, gave wharf building permits, prevented pigs from running at large in towns, changed the names of individuals, closed alleys and streets, gave franchises, assigned the U. S. judges to their districts, incorporated lodges, churches, libraries, schools, etc., legalized illegal acts and did sundry other things that in these days would be considered peculiar and improper in such a body.

CHAPTER XX.

A Few of the First Things—Bricks, Beer, Shipbuilding, Hotels and Physicians.

THE first man to brew and introduce lager beer in this Territory was Martin Schmieg. His first essay at its introduction was made in Vancouver, on the Columbia River; but he had just got to brewing there in a small way when the Fraser River gold excitement turned the brains of the people on the coast and drew them from all quarters to the Sound. He knew that to succeed he must go with the crowd, so he removed to Steilacoom in 1858, and erected there the first brewery on Puget Sound. For about three years Mr. Schmieg remained there, quenching the thirst of soldiers and civilians with the fresh brewed lager, then a new beverage to most of them. Regarding Seattle as a more promising field, Schmieg finally disposed of his business in Steilacoom to John Locke, who operated the brewery in that place until his death, some ten years later, when he was believed to have amassed considerable wealth. The fact of his being a sordid, miserly and unsocial man (quite the opposite of Schmieg) gave color to this belief, and in consequence several attempts were made by soldiers to rob him, which resulted in one instance in finding a tin kettle containing upwards of six hundred dollars in silver.

On his removal to Seattle, Martin Schmieg entered into partnership with Mr. Amos Brown, erecting a brewery on First avenue, corner of Columbia street. After several years of successful brewing, during which he acquired property that has since become extremely valuable, he disposed of his interests here and returned to his old home in Germany, where he died some years ago. The property he left in Seattle has since made several of his successors quite wealthy.

Another brewer well known on Puget Sound was Joe Butterfield. For a time he was employed by Schmieg, but ultimately engaged in business on his own account, and erected a brewery first at Steilacoom and next at Mukilteo. He also made beer at Seattle for a time. However, he did not seem to succeed very well, for but little was heard of Butterfield's

lager, while Schmieg's became popular and much sought for on the Sound.

Schmieg's brewery, after passing into and through several hands, was finally destroyed by fire and was not rebuilt. It has been succeeded by a number of others, the aggregate facilities of which are sufficient to supply the wants of half a million thirsty disciples of Gambrinus. Loon & Sherman and S. F. Coombs were also for a short time engaged in the making of beer in Seattle during the 60s.

For some years this Territory was regarded as good for nothing save its timber. The mill proprietors, whose interests were confined to lumber alone, and whose vision extended no farther than the rich forests which covered the land, thought it would be utterly valueless when shorn of that which was at once a source of wealth to them, an object of wonder and admiration to the beholder, and a mark of beauty to the country. More than one of them has been heard to say as much. They knew nothing then of the varied resources lying dormant all over this favored region, nor did they care to know. While importing bricks from the eastern states and from Europe to build their chimneys and their furnaces, they alleged and believed there was no clay here suitable for making bricks. Hudson Bay ships brought bricks from England and American vessels from New York and Boston brought bricks around Cape Horn.

The first attempt to make bricks in this Territory, so far as is known to the writer, was in 1858, by a man named M. F. Guess, a resident of Steilacoom. He made but one kiln of 50,000, when he abandoned the business. It was unprofitable, for the reason that he lacked facilities for making them, and he could not compete with the imported article. The next man to undertake it was Peter Judson, a resident of the same county, who devoted a season to the work and labored assiduously, but he also found it unremunerative and retired from the field discouraged. The first brick house in the Territory was built at Whatcom, in 1858, the bricks for which were made at San Francisco. For Seattle houses bricks were brought from San Francisco twenty years later, and in 1889 one house was built with bricks brought from Japan. Some years after the Pierce county experience William Billings, of Thurston county, concluded to see if there was any money in brick making. He worked the county prisoners in his brickyard and made a large quantity, but his expenses, coupled with slow sales, proved so great that he realized nothing. He has since utilized the Territorial prisoners in the same industry.

The cause of the failures in this pursuit is not due to the absence of suitable material, but solely to the want of labor-saving appliances. If these pioneer brickmakers had possessed the implements used in this industry at the east, they would not only have made an article unsurpassed in quality, but they could have defied competition as to price. The primitive methods and slow process of preparing the clay and moulding the bricks made them very costly; hence the obstacle in the way of their success. But a revolution has been wrought in this industry on Puget Sound, and it is now certain that bricks cannot only be made here as good as the best elsewhere, but they can be made as cheap as the cheapest. The era of stovepipes in lieu of chimneys is gone, now that bricks are within the reach of all. The bricks now made include the finest pressed and the best paving as well as the common article of unsurpassed character.

The experience of early shipbuilders on Puget Sound is much like that of early brickmakers. It thoroughly demonstrated the fact that something besides abundant and cheap raw material is essential to success. As much depends upon skilled mechanics and labor-saving machinery as upon abundance and cheapness of material. Mr. G. A. Meigs, the enterprising proprietor of the Port Madison mill, could testify to this. Under his direction and at his expense one of the finest wooden ships ever built in any part of the world was built at Port Madison, but it is doubtful if he realized from her what she cost him. This ship, the Wildwood, circumnavigated the globe several times, and everywhere elicited unstinted praise and admiration; yet she was not a success financially. The same gentleman also built several other but smaller vessels, with what result is unknown to the writer.

My main purpose in this connection was to show how little capital was required in former years to build on Puget Sound a sea-going vessel. In 1862 a man named H. G. Williamson, a ship carpenter by trade, commenced the construction, at Steilacoom, of a 200-ton schooner without other means than credit in the stores and at a sawmill. Alone he went into the timber adjacent to the town, with an axe on his shoulder, and hunted up a fallen tree (of which there were many lying around) suitable for a keel. This he hewed into the requisite dimensions. A keelson, masts and spars, he afterward cut and dressed near by; the heavy timber upon which to rest his keel he also procured in like manner in the same vicinity. He obtained the use of three yoke of cattle to haul these pieces of timber to the beach, where, with the help of some friends

and neighbors, they were placed in position. Then he rafted from a mill in North Bay the lumber for the frame, planking, etc. For this he was to pay $7 per thousand feet after the vessel was launched. When the material was all on the ground he hired several young men who had learned the use of the axe and saw while assisting in the erection of barns. They were neither ship carpenters nor house carpenters, but they were willing to work cheap and take their pay in orders on the store. In due time the hull was completed, caulked and painted. The vessel had just reached this stage when a San Francisco ship chandler arrived on an ocean steamer, from the deck of which he saw the schooner on the stocks. He asked who was building the vessel. In reply to his queries he soon learned all the circumstances connected with the building of the craft, and, before he left town, contracted to furnish anchors, chains, sails, cordage—in short, everything requisite to fit her for sea. These cost $4000, for which sum the ship chandler had a first mortgage or lien upon the schooner. The next steamer from San Francisco brought up the sails and rigging, and the schooner soon after sailed with a cargo of lumber. She was one of the first vessels fitted out for cod-fishing up north, and was for some years engaged successfully in the coasting trade.

Mr. Williamson afterward built two other schooners, one of which was soon lost, but the third for a long period proved very profitable as a coaster. He realized little more than a living, however, from the building of these vessels, owing to lack of means and the necessity of operating entirely on credit. Money was then worth two and three per cent. per month, and his creditors charged accordingly.

Among the best known hotelkeepers on Puget Sound in early days were Milas and Silas Galliher, twin brothers. Milas kept the Puget Sound hotel in Steilacoom in 1858, and Silas the Washington hotel in Olympia. For that period they were quite efficient hosts, and met the requirements of all save the very fastidious. The business was profitable, especially in Olympia, owing to its being the seat of government, the location of the land and surveyor general's offices, etc.

A strong rival of the Washington in Olympia was the Pacific hotel, kept for some years by a negro woman named Rebecca Howard, called Aunt Becky until she became rotund and wealthy, when she insisted upon being called Mrs. Howard. She and her husband were good cooks, and by judicious management succeeded in making their house very popular. In a few years Mrs. Howard, who had once been a slave,

amassed a fortune of $50,000. While accumulating this wealth she educated and supported in the East an orphan daughter of her former master and owner. Mrs. Howard bequeathed her wealth to an adopted half-breed Indian boy.

Silas Galliher was probably the first person on Puget Sound to employ a Chinese cook. For some days the Chinaman gave entire satisfaction, and Mr. Galliher felicitated himself on having secured quite a valuable acquisition. One day he walked quietly into the kitchen while the cook was making some pies, when he witnessd a performance which changed his opinion of the Chinaman's value in the culinary department. Unconscious of his employer's presence, the cook filled his mouth with milk and then squirted it through his lips over the crust of the pies. Approaching him, Mr. Galliher asked:

"What do you do that for?"

"Me make him shine," replied the celestial.

"You needn't make him shine any more," said the host, and thereafter kept an eye on the cook, to see that he didn't introduce any other objectionable practices in his kitchen.

One of the best known hotel keepers on the Sound, from 1856 to 1860, was Mrs. Conkling, a coarse and masculine woman with a heart as tender as the most delicate and refined of her sex. She kept a house in Seattle on First avenue South and Jackson street, then one of the best corners in town. For some years her house was the best in the town. Mrs. Conkling had contracted an unfortunate habit of using very profane language, which was perhaps due in part or wholly to her surroundings. To this unwomanly habit she owed the sobriquet of "Mother Damnable," by which she was better known than by her real name.

Joe Francisco, well remembered by the writer, was the first to open a hotel on the corner of Main street and First avenue South, which he called the United States. Mother Damnable's house, across the street, was in existence when Joe opened what was then considered a high-toned establishment, but which would now suffer by comparison with our poorest hotels and restaurants.

At periods a little later David Sires, A. P. Delin, Moses R. Maddocks, John Condon, Amos Brown, John Collins and L. C. Harmon established hotels in Seattle, creditable for the time in which they existed.

The first hotel in Pierce county was in a building erected at Steilacoom in 1851 by Capt. Lafayette Balch, with lumber brought for the purpose from the state of Maine. After nearly or quite thirty years' use it was destroyed by fire.

The first professional man to take up his abode in this Territory was Dr. William Fraser Tolmie. He was sent out from Scotland by the Hudson Bay Company as chief factor at Fort Nisqually, where he arrived in 1842 and remained until July 29, 1859, when he removed to Victoria. Dr. Tolmie united the practice of medicine with the supervision of farms and trade with the Indians. Save in cases of wounds from accidents or hostile encounters, there was little need of a physician or surgeon; but the doctor doubtless found employment enough in looking after the company's agricultural and trading interests. Although, as agent of the Hudson Bay Company, he kept a considerable stock of the best wines and liquors obtainable on this coast, he was very abstemious and a zealous advocate of temperance.

Skillful, sober and reliable physicians in early years were often in demand when they could not be obtained. Some towns contained none and were dependent on physicians in distant places. At times the want was so seriously felt that advertisements were inserted in the papers for doctors, and they were promised a liberal patronage if they would come and minister to the ills that flesh is heir to. Dr. Tolmie occasionally responded to calls for his services outside of the Hudson Bay precincts, but preferred that invalids should look to others for medical treatment. The surgeons at the garrisons always reluctantly attended any but soldiers, and one even carried his reluctance so far as to refuse attendance upon the families of officers. For this he was court-martialed and reprimanded. It mattered not that people were able and willing to pay liberally for their services; the doctors cared as little for the pay as they did for the time and labor involved. Ten dollars was freely paid for a visit, and ten dollars was also paid a druggist for a prescription that now costs fifty cents. This relates particularly to Steilacoom and vicinity, where for some years there was not a regular practitioner, though three or four doctors lived in the county.

For many years Matthew P. Burns was as well known as a practicing physician and surgeon in the upper Sound country as Dr. Maynard was in Seattle. Burns was noted for his fondness for surgery; Maynard was distinguished for his prodigality and fondness for whisky. One was most happy when he had a chance to mutilate or dismember some unfortunate patient; the other was most happy when paying his devotions at the shrine of Bacchus. If a man went to Burns with a felon on a finger or a bruise on leg or arm, the doctor invariably insisted on cutting off the injured member.

He had no use for poultice or healing salves. Though very few submitted to his treatment, he obtained the reputation of being a monomaniac on the subject of amputation. Of the two, perhaps Maynard was the least dangerous practitioner.

Dr. G. K. Willard, followed by his son, Dr. Rufus Willard, was among the first physicians and druggists of the Puget Sound country. Another was Dr. R. H. Lansdale, who was here among the first of white men, between fifty and sixty years ago. Dr. H. D. Longaker, in 1859-60, was probably the first dentist in this region. He advertised to cure toothache and extract teeth without pain, giving chloroform or ether, if desired. Before the coming of dentists teeth were pulled by physicians and druggists.

In the little Puget Sound towns during their earlier days it was common for men to include a number of avocations or occupations in their ordinary daily life and business. The store was of general character, the goods including everything likely to be wanted by the buying public. So the housebuilder was carpenter, painter, mason and plumber, and incidentally would perhaps cut hair and do clerical work and other things coming his way when his legitimate trade failed him. There wasn't enough to keep the preacher, the teacher or any one else going in a single line for any considerable length of time. Before the Northern Pacific Railroad got to Tacoma, and while the place was only a mill town, Capt. Gove, a well known navigator, was about to sail for San Francisco with a ship load of lumber, when he was violently attacked by toothache. He was told that he might get relief from Judge Botsford. Botsford was one of the handy men referred to. He could try a case in court, conduct a service in church or at the cemetery, do a little doctoring, repair a barn, run a hotel and do sundry other things. He pulled the Captain's tooth. It was a hard one and required a mighty effort. When out it was discovered he had drawn a sound tooth and that the acher was still there. While their perception of the enormity of the blunder was most fully upon them—at the moment of its commission—Botsford exclaimed:

"I wouldn't have done that, Captain, for fifty dollars."

"And I wouldn't have had you do it for five hundred dollars," shouted Gove. Hazardous as it seemed to be, the necessity was so great that Captain Gove was compelled to give Judge Botsford another chance at the offending tooth, when happily he got hold of the right one and extracted it.

CHAPTER XXI.

A Startling Church Announcement—Different Forms and Illustrations of Insanity—An Indignant Scratcher—A Puzzled Reader—The Salt Water of Puget Sound.

NO preacher was better known on Puget Sound twenty-five years ago than Rev. Daniel Bagley, of the Protestant Methodist church. The edifice in which he officiated for almost a quarter of a century was equally well known as the "Brown Church," on Second avenue, which was among the victims to the devouring element in the memorable fire of June, 1889.

Among the noted citizens of Seattle, thirty-five years and more ago, was Henry L. Yesler. At the same period there dwelt here a woman known to the neighbors as the Widow McNatt. What were the relations, if any evisted, between Henry L. Yesler and the Widow McNatt cannot now be stated; but Rev. Mr. Bagley coupled them in a manner that placed Mr. Yesler in a rather ludicrous light, to say the least. On one occasion, at an evening prayer meeting, addressing those present, he said:

"Let us pray for Henry L. Yesler and the Widow McNatt."

The couple were prayed for accordingly, much to the surprise of many present, among whom was a little son of Mr. A. A. Denny, who, on reaching home, hastened to his mother and asked:

"Mother, is Henry L. Yesler a very bad man?"

"No, my son," she replied; "but why do you ask?"

"Why, at the prayer meeting tonight," he said, "Mr. Bagley asked the people to pray for Henry L. Yesler and the Widow McNatt, and so I thought he must be a bad man."

There are many forms of insanity. Sometimes it is called by one name, sometimes by another. There are hallucinations and alienations, aberrations and abstractions, phantasms and lunacy, dementia and delirium, hypochondria and kleptomania —only the wealthy are subject to the last form of insanity; when developed in others it is called petit or grand larceny—monomaniacs and Anglo-maniacs, hysteria and various mor-

bid and nervous disorders, the victims of which are regarded as more or less demented.

Fortunately, a very large proportion of the insanity is of a harmless character, else there would not remain enough sane people outside of asylums to provide for and guard those within.

A not uncommon and dangerous kind of insanity is that which appears at intervals, or which is not incessant. It is dangerous because few know when to look for it, and are consequently apt to be taken by surprise in an unguarded moment. A memorable case was that of Albert Balch, a storekeeper in Steilacoom many years ago. His was a clear case of lunacy; at a certain stage of the moon he always became insane; at other times he betrayed no sign of a disordered mind. As the months passed by his distemper increased, until it was deemed expedient to place him in an insane asylum. The next time his lunacy appeared, the moon being at the stage which affected his brain, he was taken on board a lumber vessel by a keeper, who was instructed to convey him to the insane asylum at Stockton. We had no asylum for the insane here then. A week before the vessel arrived at San Francisco, the moon having declined in the meantime, Balch became perfectly rational, and an examination by physicians resulted in finding his mental faculties in a healthy condition. There being no alternative but to return to his home in Steilacoom, he did so in time to become again a lunatic, the moon in the interval having once more got to the stage which turned his brain. During a rational spell, about this period, he went to San Francisco to purchase a fresh stock of goods. The night after his arrival there, while the moon was brightly shining, a policeman found him aimlessly wandering about the streets with a valise containing $2,500 in gold. He could give no intelligible account of himself, but a brother found and cared for him until the moon lost its baleful influence, when he purchased the goods he required and returned to his home. One morning he was found dead in the woods near town, after having wandered by the light of the moon for hours through the timber with an axe in his hand. He was in his night shirt, and had apparently killed himself by running, as his person contained no wounds.

Some time ago a young woman, after standing for some moments upon a wharf near the water's edge, suddenly stepped off into the deep water. When rescued, as she was immediately, a friend asked what induced her to take the plunge. "I don't know," she replied; "I am sure I did not intend to

do it." The writer had a similar experience some years ago, when the chilly waters of Puget Sound speedily restored his scattered senses. Having been in my younger days quite an amphibious animal, I suffered no inconvenience from my plunge other than a thorough wetting on a cold day.

Many of our citizens yet remember the suicide in Seattle of a young man soon after coming into possession of property valued at $100,000. Before he received this property he was comparatively wealthy, his environments were all of a pleasant character, and no motive could be assigned for the sudden and violent ending of a life which gave promise of much happiness. Within a few days of this event another young man, without any known cause, to the surprise of many warm friends, took his life in a similar manner. Still another, equally well known, ended his career on earth by the same means; each having sent a bullet from a pistol crashing through his brain. Two committed the act in the offices in which they transacted their business; the third chose an engine house for the closing scene in his life. That all three were suicides there was no room to doubt; that all were insane at the time, though they never before betrayed symptoms of insanity, seemed equally clear to the public.

In the 50s dealers could not obtain goods from the East in ten or twelve days by telegraphing, as they can now, and it was not easy to foresee six months or a year in advance what commodities the market would be barren of. Several times, at periods of short duration, Californians were subjected to much inconvenience by the absence of camphene, tallow and adamantine candles, which were long the only illuminating articles in use there. Sometimes, too, people had to go dirty for the want of soap; but this last didn't give much trouble to the miners, some of whom gloried in the dirt they carried on their persons. One of these, on his way to Panama on an ocean steamer, was observed to be kept in active exercise scratching himself. A fellow passenger, while walking to and fro on the deck, noticed the afflicted miner, paused before him and remarked interrogatively:

"Troubled with fleas, eh?"

"Fleas, no," replied the miner. "Do you think I am a damned dog, to be troubled with fleas? These are lice, these are!"

The early miners were proud of their long dirty beards and hair, their unwashed hides and patched pants, on the seat of which was sometimes displayed the legend, "XXX Flour," the empty sacks of which were used to repair their wornout

clothes. The first to return to the East carried as much California dirt with them as possible, to show the people at home how men in the mines looked.

John H. Scranton was what is popularly termed a rustler. Quick to decide and quick to act, he was enterprising to the last degree, and withal generous to a fault. He not only gave freely of his money, when in prosperous circumstances, but never refused a passage to one unable to pay while he was running a steamer on the Sound. He used to say he run his steamers "for grandeur." When he carried the mails on the Sound in 1858, he frequently laid the writer under obligations for late papers and other favors. Due acknowledgment was made of these favors as often as they occurred. Several times Scranton surprised me by visits when he was supposed to be in California, or Oregon, or anywhere but on Puget Sound. On one occasion of this kind I felt it incumbent upon me to bestow on him a longer notice than usual, in which he was designated as a ubiquitous individual. The day after the paper appeared with the notice referred to, I was accosted by an ancient mariner, who sailed a small sloop on the Sound, and whom I knew to be quite a reader. Addressing me by name, he asked:

"What is u-be-qui-et-us?"

"U-be-qui-et-us," I repeated, "what do you mean?"

"In the paper yesterday," he replied, "you said that Mr. Scranton was a u-be-qui-et-us individual."

"Oh, I see. U-be-qui-et-us means that he is in several places at the same time," was the answer.

The mariner departed scratching his head in a futile effort to see the application of the word. It was printed correctly, but the pronunciation puzzled him.

In 1860, two young men who had been raised in one of the western states, and who had never seen a river in which the tide ebbed and flowed, arrived in Steilacoom filled with admiration of the country, of which they had seen but little. On entering the town, shortly before noon, they immediately repaired to the hotel, and engaged a room. Eager to obtain a close view of the waters of the Sound, which they had seen from a distance on coming in from the country, they hastened down to the beach. The tide being at that time very low, just on the eve of turning, they could not but notice the wide beach, strewn with star fish, variegated pebbles and agates, and were deep in the enjoyment of the novelty when a rain suddenly set in. This drove them to the shelter of the hotel, where they remained some five or six hours, at the end

of which time the rain ceased falling and the weather cleared up. Proceeding again to the beach, they were surprised at finding it covered with water, it being then flood tide. Greatly astonished, one of them exclaimed: "What a little rain it takes to fill this big river!" It was plain he had no conception of the magnitude or character of this noble body of waters, and was probably familiar only with creeks whose volume of water was swollen by every summer shower.

Morris H. Frost was a local celebrity of pioneer times. He came across the plains, from an interior state, and his first view of Puget Sound was obtained from the saddle. Not doubting that his horse was thirsty, he rode at once down to the water's edge. To his surprise, after smelling of the water, the horse refused to drink. Curious to know the reason why the thirsty animal would not drink, Mr. Frost took up some water in his hand and tasted it. With astonishment he exclaimed: "Pickle, by thunder!" Remounting, he sought water elsewhere to quench the thirst of his horse. Mr. Frost subsequently became collector of customs at Port Townsend, but for the greater part of his life on Puget Sound was the moving spirit of Mukilteo, a place of many booms but of not much substance; now, however, a suburban tributary to the city of Everett.

CHAPTER XXII.

The Memory of a Voice—Personal Incidents in the Experience of the Author.

WHAT'S in a voice? A great deal, sometimes. To the professional singer it is capital—sometimes fortune and sometimes fame.

People are recognized by their voices when their features and forms are forgotten.

The voice often betrays criminals when their persons are unknown. When all other means of detection have failed, the blind have detected criminals on hearing their voices.

The presence of a friend or an enemy is made known by the sound of his voice.

The tone of a voice sometimes indicates its owner's character; it is oftener indicative of his feelings, whether in good humor or bad.

There are many kinds of voices. One need not mingle with a noisy crowd to learn that fact. There are nasal-sounding and gutteral voices; irritating and soothing voices; harsh and musical voices; sonorous and feeble voices; boisterous and gentle voices; bold and timid voices; husky and wheezy voices; squeaking and cracked voices; but, to my ears, the most disagreeable of all is the feminine voice belonging sometimes to a broad-shouldered and large-chested man, who, of all others, one would suppose possessed a strong masculine voice. While a feminine voice issuing from the throat of a giant in stature and breadth is disagreeable, it is not so annoying as the low and inaudible voice, which often compels the person addressed to say, "Beg pardon; what did you remark?" and in the end leaves him in doubt as to what was really said. So much for human voices, of which no two are precisely alike.

Then there are the thousands of voices of nature, of the elements, of the deep and its inhabitants, of the floods, the flames, the winds, of the fowls of the air, of four-footed beasts, of insects and all creeping things, even of the ant, whose voice, it is said, Solomon both heard and understood. Did the reader ever bestow a thought on these innumerable voices, all differing in character, in sound and volume? They could

not be even remotely described or enumerated. Is it not truly wonderful? And is it all the result of chance, as some would have us believe?

We occasionally read or hear of two persons bearing so close a resemblance in form and facial features that even their kindred with difficulty distinguish one from the other. When such a couple is found the fact is published far and near as something remarkable and very rare. Yet it is not more rare than hearing two voices that bear a like resemblance in sound. The mimic may imitate the voice and gesture of another, but there is always a difference between the genuine and counterfeit.

I have been led to the above reflections by an incident that occurred in Tacoma a few years ago. While spending a couple of days in that city I had occasion to make a small purchase in a store on Pacific avenue. On passing out of the store I came face to face with a man whose person seemed familiar, but whom I did not instantly recognize. He advanced a few feet within the store and stopped at the nearest counter, his back toward me. After scrutinizing his figure a few moments I audibly addressed his back in these words:

"Isn't that Hill Harmon?"

Speaking and turning simultaneously, before his eye met mine, he exclaimed:

"Hello, Prosch, where did you come from?"

" I came from Seattle to testify in the case of Balch vs. Palmer and others," was my reply.

"I am a witness in the same case," said Harmon. "Wait a minute and I'll go over to the court with you."

He accompanied me to the court room, where we had a talk about men and events on Puget Sound more than thirty years ago.

Quite twenty-five years had passed since Hill Harmon had last heard my voice, and his instant recognition of it proved:

First—That my voice had undergone no change in that period.

Second—that the ear is more retentive than the eye; in other words, that the ear remembers after the eye has forgotten. Even when the eye, as often happens, retains a recollection of the lineaments of an old acquaintance, the ear is always quickest to recognize him by the sound of his voice.

The late S. L. Maxwell, originator of the Seattle Intelligencer, was well known to me in San Francisco nearly

fifty years ago. When I came to Puget Sound, in the winter of 1857-58, he remained in California. Some years later he, too, came to Puget Sound and located in Seattle. Thirteen years after leaving him in California I visited him at his printing office on Mill street, about where the Post-Intelligencer office stood when the great fire reduced it to ashes. I arrived at twilight from Olympia. His office being pointed out to me, I opened the door and looked in. The only person visible was a boy (the devil, I supposed,) in the far end of the office, between whom and the door were eight or ten composing stands. Seeing no one else, I addressed the boy across the intervening space.

"Can you tell me where I can find Mr. Maxwell?"

Before the boy could answer—nay, before I had finished my query—a head bobbed up between the stands twenty feet distant and responded:

"Mr. Prosch, God bless you, how do you do?"

Here, again, the recognition of the voice was instantaneous. Mr. Maxwell would have required time if he had met me on the street to scan my features before he could be certain of my identity.

Some twenty or more years ago I paid my first visit to Walla Walla. There I had the pleasure of meeting a lady whom I had known in Olympia ten years before and whom I had not seen for nearly eight years. Sunday intervened during my stay in Walla Walla, and at 10:45 a. m. I was seated in a pew near the entrance of the Episcopal church. Ten minutes later the lady in question entered and took a seat four or five pews in advance of the one occupied by me. She did not see me in passing. During the service my responses were neither louder nor more distinct than those of a dozen other men in my vicinity. Yet I had hardly uttered a syllable when she turned her face so quickly in my direction that for a moment I feared she had dislocated her neck. A mutual smile betokened a mutual recognition.

At the close of the service I awaited her coming out at the door. As she cordially extended her hand, I asked:

"Is it possible you remember my voice after all these years?"

"Could one ever forget that voice?" was her smiling rejoinder.

It never before occurred to me that there was anything peculiar in my voice. Her reply led me to think there was. Senator Squire and others have since reminded me that it differed from any other's of a similar tone they had ever heard.

STEILACOOM IN 1861

I am only conscious of the fact that my ordinary voice is louder than that of most men. This arises from a strong aversion to repeating a remark or question. It is never pleasant to do so. It is equally unpleasant for people in any degree hard of hearing to request the repetition of words addressed to them.

A large proportion of the people we daily meet are more or less deaf, many of them unconsciously so. One of the few who is not so afflicted is my precious little wife, who sometimes checks me on the street with the remark: "I'm not deaf." This generally happens soon after a laborious conversation with somebody who has taxed my vocal powers to the utmost.

I have always regarded it as a species of cruelty to talk to deaf people in a voice every word of which they cannot hear. It leaves them painfully puzzled as to what was really said, greatly embarrasses them and deprives them of much enjoyment they might otherwise have in society. Such unfortunates have always had a large share of my sympathy.

I remember in my youth a very estimable middle-aged man in New York city named Howard, who was partially deaf and extremely fond of society, especially the society of young people. He often had parties of young men and women at his home, and manifested much pleasure in their company, though he could hear but little of what was said by them. When their conversation was accompanied with pantomime, as often happened, he comprehended and enjoyed both; when something was said which he neither heard nor understood, but which provoked boisterous laughter, his countenance assumed an expression of pain. Then, in a tone that appealed strongly to the sympathies of all present, he would say: "Won't you tell me what you are laughing at, that I may laugh, too?"

CHAPTER XXIII.

Church History—The Protestant Episcopal Denomination in the Northwest—Trinity and St. Mark's Churches, of Seattle—St. Peter's, of Tacoma.

IT is more than fifty years now since the first attempt was madfe to establish the Protestant Episcopal Church in Washington Territory. In 1854 Rev. Thomas Fielding Scott was consecrated Bishop of the Oregon mission, which then included Washington, Oregon, Idaho and Montana. Only once did he find time to visit Seattle, and that was in 1866. He died the following year. His first Convocation, held in Portland, consisted of two clergymen, eight laymen and the Bishop. Upon his arrival there wasn't a single church building within his jurisdiction, a small beginning truly.

Bishop Scott's most useful and active coadjutor was Rev. John McCarty, U. S. A. chaplain at Forts Vancouver and Steilacoom. He was sincerely loved by the soldiers, who called him "Bishop." By soldiers and citizens he was called "the fighting parson," having distinguished himself in sanguinary conflicts on the frontiers. Dr. McCarty did not confine his labors to the soldiers and military station. In 1855 and 1856, while officiating as chaplain at Fort Steilacoom, he often visited and held religious services in Olympia, where he laid the foundation of what is now St. John's Church. It was consecrated ten years later by Bishop Scott. During the same years he was working in a similar way for the Church at Vancouver, where under his direction was built the first Episcopal church in Washington. In his address to the convention in 1860 Bishop Scott spoke of the Vancouver work as follows:

"On Whitsunday, assisted by the Rev. Dr. McCarty and the Rev. Mr. Hyland, I consecrated St. Luke's church at Vancouver. This is our first church in Washington Territory, and is a result of the active zeal of Dr. McCarty and the people of his charge. A good congregation habitually attends upon the services, and a class for confirmation awaits my visit on Sunday next."

On one occasion, while journeying on foot between Steilacoom and Olympia, Dr. McCarty lost his way in the timber. Night overtaking him, he had no alternative but to seek shelter before proceeding further. Fortunately he found a prostrate log into which an old fire had burned a cavity large enough

to accommodate his entire person. Into this he crawled and slept till daylight. When he emerged from his couch he resembled a member of the burnt cork fraternity; but he was used to roughing it, and was not much disturbed at his changed complexion.

Bishop Morris not long ago paid this tribute to Dr. McCarty: "He was a missionary of the true spirit, with a zeal and devotion,, self-denial and patient endurance of hardships rarely equalled in any cause. Lost in the forest of Puget Sound on a winter night, and lying till daydawn under a fallen log beside his faithful horse, or wading the Columbia Slough between Portland and Vancouver, with the water up to his armpits and his clothes bound on top of his head, he went on with his work in a cheerful and uncomplaining spirit that none fail to admire."

Rev. P. E. Hyland and other missionaries who came later, while traveling in canoes was yet common on Puget Sound, had occasion repeatedly to be thankful for sheltered spots on which to spread their blankets when visiting missions on its shores. The fruits of their labors were often discouraging when contrasted with the perils they were subjected to. But the sequel shows that their efforts were not in vain.

In the field occupied by Bishop Scott, including the present states of Oregon and Washington alone, are now three Bishops, eighty clergymen, one hundred and forty church-buildings, twelve boarding schools and hospitals and nine thousand communicants.

Benjamin Wistar Morris succeeded Bishop Scott. He was consecrated Dec. 3d, 1868. He is yet faithfully serving the people of Oregon as Bishop, though, considering his years and infirmities, the task is a heavy one. In 1880 Washington was separated from Oregon, and Right Rev. John Adams Paddock assigned to this jurisdiction. At the last convocation held under Bishop Morris, in Portland, Trinity Church, of Seattle, was represented by Rev. George Herbert Watson, Col. John C. Haines and Charles Prosch.

In 1892 Eastern Washington was set off to relieve Bishop Paddock in part of the labor devolving upon him. In 1894 Bishop Paddock died, and was succeeded by Right Rev. William Morris Barker, transferred from Colorado. His career also was short, death cutting him off in 1901, when the present incumbent, Right Rev. Frederick W. Keator, was chosen in his stead, and consecrated the year following.

It should be stated, before proceeding further, that Rev. Peter E. Hyland was for many years the only clergyman of his denomiantion in Washington Territory. Others came from time to time, remained a few weeks or months, left and never returned. He, on the contrary, has labored continuously

in all these years, serving under five different Bishops, and devoting his time with commendable zeal and energy to the upbuilding of the church. His field included all the country north of the Columbia River, and in the discharge of his duty he held services at various times in Claquato, Tumwater, Olympia, Steilacoom, Tacoma, Seattle, Port Gamble. Port Ludlow, Seabeck, Chimacum, Dungeness, Whidby Island, Port Discovery, Port Townsend, Blaine, Whatcom. At many of these places he was the first Episcopal minister to appear, notably at Seattle and Tacoma. He tells himself of being three days going from Port Townsend to Seabeck, 75 miles, in an open boat exposed to the worst of weather and without sleep; of being 40 hours from Port Townsend to Dungeness, 20 miles, under similar conditions; of walking 33 miles, on another occasion, to Port Ludlow, through the woods, without meeting a person, on a religious errand; of paying $10 for steamboat fare from Port Townsend to Olympia; of being sick in the woods of Lewis county, compelled to dismount from his horse, and spend the night on the ground seeking repose and renewed strength, the animal being tied to him to prevent straying. His experiences were those of other pioneers of the country and time, but they are in marked contrast with those of the Puget Sound clergy of the present day.

Rev. R. D. Nevius and Rev. L. H. Wells, the latter now Bishop of Spokane, rank next to Mr. Hyland in service, both having entered this field as missionaries nearly forty years ago.

Mr. Hyland tells of the church beginnings in Seattle as follows:

"An amusing incident took place in the village of Seattle, now one of the strongholds of the church. When I appeared, robed in surplice and stole, some were astonished, and went to tell their friends, urging them to go and see the man dressed so curiously. As a consequence, the house was filled to overflowing at the evening service. Many were captivated by the services, among whom was Mr. Hiram Burnett, the zealous churchman who has done so much for the work by his self-denying labors, and who was so long connected with Trinity Parish and is now an honored member of St. Mark's Church. He was for years connected with the Congregationalists. I soon discovered he was interested and desired to unite with us; so when Bishop Scott made his first visitation to Seattle, in the summer of 1866, he was confirmed, there being at the time but one candidate. The Bishop was quite hopeful of the work in Seattle, and spoke very encouragingly. He said at the time of his visitation to Port Townsend, a few days after, when four were confirmed, "it is not often the communicants are doubled," but in Seattle the

result was equivalent to Port Townsend as Mr. Burnett was a host in himself.

"It was in August, 1865, that I held the first service of the church in the village of Seattle, the population then being about 300, and it was at this time the site for the church was selected. The Bishop was quite anxious to return to his duties in Oregon, and he hired a canoe to convey us to Steilacoom from Port Townsend. It took us two days and a night to reach our destination, with nothing but crackers, cheese and water to eat and drink, and without other than our ordinary dress by day or night. The night we were out we slept on the gravelly beach, with an Indian mat our only bedding. I remember saying to the good Bishop, "Jacob had a stone pillow; we have not only a stone pillow but a stone bed also."

The first church in Port Townsend owes its origin to the late John F. Damon, who commenced lay reading there in 1860. Lay reading has been a common resort in most of the Puget Sound churches. Gov. Ferry read for a long time in Olympia. I similarly served the people there before him, and later the congregation of St. Peter's Church in Tacoma, and Trinity in Seattle. Mr. Burnett likewise aided the congregation of Trinity.

Under the auspices of Hiram Burnett, Mrs. M. R. Maddocks, Mrs. C. C. Terry, Mrs. J. N. Draper, Mrs. W. H. Taylor and others Trinity Church of Seattle had its inception. The first services were held in the Methodist Episcopal Church, where a Sunday School was organized and the whole work fairly begun. The first minister to live in the town and connect himself with the society was Rev. Itas F. Roberts, in 1868—9, and the second was Rev. R. W. Summers in 1870. At this time the church building was erected on the corner of Third avenue and Jefferson street, and was consecrated by Bishop Morris and Rev. Messrs. Hyland and Summers, June 11th, 1870. The Parish was organized as a mission in 1873, and it became a self-supporting parish in 1878. Rev. Charles R. Bonnell served the people during the three years prior to this event. Rev. George Herbert Watson was rector for eighteen yars ending in 1896, since which Trinity Parish has flourished under the guidance of Rev. H. H. Gowen.

A somewhat entertaining circumstance occurred at the time of the change in 1878. Easter Monday, April 22nd, three or four individuals met on call of Rev. Mr. Bonnell, who was about to leave Seattle, and who desired to transfer charge of the property to a committe or vestry. The three or four, calling themselves the congregation, proceeded to elect a vestry, several of the members of which were generally odious. Their action created a marked sensation in the Parish, and a demand instantly went up for its undoing. So strong and just was it that the demand could not be resisted. The first action

was declared to be informal and improper and was set aside, the record being expunged, by order of the meeting held on the Monday following. The second meeting was composed of a large majority of the communicants, namely: Mrs. J. W. Hunt, Mrs. H. G. Thornton, Miss Flora Thornton, Mrs. H. B. Bagley, Mrs. Albert Snyder, Mrs. J. M. Lyon, Mrs. Dwyer, Misses Minnie and Kate Sparling, Mrs. M. R. Maddocks, Mrs. Beriah Brown, Mrs. H. Burnett, Mrs. A. Slorah, Mrs. T. W. Prosch, Mrs. C. Prosch, William Enoch, Thomas Pearce, H. L. Theron, Alvan Bagley, H. B. Bagley, T. P. Freeman, Albert H. Snyder, Nicholas Snyder and J. C. Grasse. The vestry men then elected organized the Parish, and brought to its occupancy Rev. Mr. Watson from a school in California. Trinity has had its full share of both good and bad fortune. In 1889 its church building and rectory were destroyed by fire, and in 1902 its church was again burned. The rebuilt stone structure, however, is larger, finer and more commodious than the house destroyed, while the congregation is more numerous than ever and the work done by far the greatest in the history of the church.

In 1888, when the population of Seattle had grown to about twenty thousand, some of the parishioners of Trinity thought the time had arrived for the erection of a new and larger church. Trinity then had a seating capacity of not more than two hundred, and some of its members lived so far from it that the distance was almost too great to traverse to frequently attend the services.

Those desiring another church pledged annually $1600, obtained the sanction of the Bishop, procured the temporary use of the old University building, and extended a call to Rev. Chas. L. Fitchett, of California, who accepted and at once entered upon his duties. He did not stay long, however, but returned to California, where his detention unexpectedly became permanent. For some months the young organization got along without a minister, having recourse to visiting clergymen and lay readers, among the latter being Mr. W. J. Dickson, who has since been ordained and is yet connected with this jurisdiction.

After holding services in the University building a few Sundays, somebody unfriendly to the new church objected to its further use as a place of worship. Then the Masonic Hall in the Young Naturalists building was obtained until such time as a suitable edifice could be erected. Steps were immediately taken to that end. A site was secured and money subscribed for the new church, which it had previously been decided to name Saint Mark's. In February, 1890, a temporary structure was completed, at a cost of $2,000, on Olive street

and Fifth avenue, being a triangular block reaching to Fourth avenue. In August, six months later, the church was enlarged at an additional cost of $700.

In June, 1890, when it was yet without a rector, the new church had 150 members.

After the trial of several other clergymen Rev. David Claiborne Garrett was called from Davenport, Iowa. He took possession of the field on the 1st of July, 1890, and soon satisfied the vestrymen they had made no mistake in calling him. In one month it was necessary to again enlarge the church to accommodate his hearers, and subsequently transepts were added to the two sides.

The convocation report of the following year, 1901, contained the statistics of the first eleven months of Mr. Garrett's rectorship. The communicants were increased in number to 357; there were 56 baptisms, 58 confirmations, 15 burials and 19 marriages.

Before the close of the first year of Mr. Garrett's ministry, St. Mark's led all the parishes in the jurisdiction of Washington in every branch of work. It was at once recognized as the strongest Protestant Episcopal Church in the Northwest, and it has grown steadily since, though not as rapidly as durin the first two or three years. During the first five years the baptisms numbered 242, the confirmations 245, the marriages 98, burials 105, net increase in membership 309, the members July 1st, 1895, numbering 503.

After occupying the old church nearly six years, and expending upon it and the rectory some ten thousand dollars, the parishioners decided to erect a larger and more sightly church in a better location. Thereupon the present site was chosen and paid for with money raised by subscription. Later the old church property was sold.

April 8th, 1897, the building committee handed over the completed building to the vestry. At the first service following, on Palm Sunday, the new church, large as it was, proved to be too small to accommodate the crowds that sought entrance. This occurred so often that after a few years the capacity of the church, upstairs and down, was greatly increased by the addition of a section to the middle of the building. About the same time an eight thousand dollar organ was installed, and a five thousand dollar home built for the rector and his family. The grounds have also been added to.

On the 1st of September, 1897, Mr. Garrett terminated his rectorship, going to Portland, Oregon, for a year or two, then to San Francisco, and afterwards to Wisconsin. His present

charge is one of the great churches of Boston. He was succeeded in Seattle by Rev. John P. D. Llwyd, who for seven years has given to an ever-increasing congregation the most complete and unbounded satisfaction. His success as minister has been equal to that of any clergyman past or present in the jurisdiction. Under him St. Mark's has gone on year by year until now in membership and many other respects it excels any other Protestant Episcopal Church in California, Oregon or Washington, having more than one thousand members. Mr. Llwyd as a citizen is almost as useful to the community at large, and as popular, as he is to his own church and among his own devoted parishioners. It once was said by a clergyman of another sect that "Episcopalians couldn't grow in this soil; they were hothouse plants and belonged to Eastern cities." That he was mistaken is evidenced continually by Trinity, St. Mark's and the other Episcopal churches in Seattle, as well also by the showings made of churches, schools, hospitals, congregations and services throughout the State.

One of the most pleasant contemplations of my later years is the fact of my intimate and official connection with four of the first churches of this diocese—the two Seattle churches named, St. John's of Olympia and St. Peter's of Tacoma. St. Peter's was the first substantial effort to plant the cross in that city, now one of the real fortresses of the Christian church. The Northern Pacific Company declared Tacoma to be the terminus of its railroad lines on the 14th of July, 1873. Up to that event the place had been merely a sawmill town, containing perhaps 200 inhabitants, without church of any kind. Immediately there was a rush from all directions, and in a few days the inhabitants were doubled in number, and soon after trebled, many living and doing business in tents and the cheapest kind of frame shacks. With others, church people were to the front, and very shortly Bishop Morris and Rev. Charles R. Bonnell had a frame building up on a lot donated for the purpose by Mr. Edward S. Smith, familiarly and complimentarily then known as "Skookum Smith." The first board of vestrymen consisted of T. Pitt Cooke, C. H. Botsford, Charles Prosch and Geo. E. Atkinson. So speedily was all done that the first religious service was held in the building on the 10th of August. Baptisms, confirmations, marriages and funerals followed rapidly, and from that time to this the little church has been in constant use for all the purposes for which it was built. Its original cost was only about $300, but by additions and changes since it has been made more suitable and satisfactory to the wants of the mod-

ern congregation than as originally constructed. Mr. Bonnell was the first rector, he remaining in charge for two years. An organ was obtained in 1874, which is still furnishing grateful music to the worshippers. The same year a fine large bell was given to the little pioneer church by the Sunday school of St. Peter's church of Philadelphia. A tower was made for it by cutting off the top of a large tree standing alongside the church. Upon the stump, thirty feet or more high, the bell was placed, with a roof over it, and from that pedestal it has pealed from that time to this. Ivy was planted at the base of the tower or stump, which has since grown all over it, over much of the church and into and across the church. Several of the original members of the congregation yet retain their membership, notably Mr. Atkinson and Mrs. W. H. (McCarver) Harris. From this little beginning has sprung all the other church work in that city, including St. Luke's church, built by the Philadelphia millionaire. Charles B. Wright, the Annie Wright Seminary, built and endowed by the same generous friend, the Fannie Paddock Hospital, the Bishop's residence, Parish House and several other churches at convenient points within the limits. St. Peter's is generally prized among the most precious of Tacoma's treasures. It invariably graces local souvenirs, is more often sketched and photographed than any other building, and is viewed with more interest by tourists. The simple, modest efforts of its projectors and builders have yielded results richer by far than contemplated by them even under the exhilaration of the terminus excitement of 1873. No wish of mine can be more fervent than that the good work then and there instituted shall go on forever, and that St. Peter's shall be an important factor in it for all time.

CHAPTER XXIV.

Villainous Description of Oregon—A Convicted Indian Official—Value of Old Newspaper Files—A Frightful Experience in Seattle—Outings on Puget Sound—Friendly Greetings.

THE light in which this country was regarded sixty years ago by most people in the eastern states is seen in what follows. It is part of an article that appeared originally in the Northwestern Advocate of March 21, 1844, and was copied in other newspapers with more or less endorsement. In fact, it was regarded as a good description of the Oregon or North Pacific country for nearly or quite ten years by the prejudiced people of the Eastern States, who, while willing to admit that there might be gold and other good things in California, could not be induced to favorably view the great region to the north of that state:

"What there is in the Territory of Oregon to tempt our national cupidity none can tell. Of all the countries on the face of the earth it is one of the least favored of heaven. It is the mere riddlings of creation. It is almost as barren as the desert of Africa and as unhealthy as the Campagna of Italy. To leave the fertile and salubrious lands on this side of the Rocky Mountains, and to go beyond their snowy summits a thousand miles, to be called from law and society, and to attempt to extort food from the unwilling sand heaps that are there called earth, is the maddest enterprise that ever deluded foolish men. We would not be subjected to the innumerable tortures of a journey to Oregon for all the soil its savage hunters ever wandered over. The journey thither, from all accounts, is horrible enough, but it is paradisean when compared with the wasting miseries which beset the wretched emigrant when he has reached the point where he fancied his unutterable woes were to cease, but where he finds they are to be increased beyond all endurance.

"We have already intimated that the journey to the Columbia River from here is attended with starvation and a thousand other felicities. If the emigrant is so lucky as to escape the pangs of famine and bullets of the Comanches on this side of the Rocky Mountains, he may perhaps survive

the long and tedious ascent of the barren mountains. When he surmounts the summit and begins the downward journey, the land of promise, the delectable Canaan, the land flowing with milk and honey, spreads out illimitably before him. And a most ravishing prospect it is! There is not a tree to limit the reach of his imparadised vision. His enchanted eye wanders in ecstasy over piles of volcanic rocks and sandstone, interspersed with oases of wild wormwood and prickly pear ad libitum. Nothing else can be seen to the right or left or in front. This is the first glimpse the happy emigrant gets of the blissful Oregon.

"Those sections of Oregon that are most advantageously situated for culture and profit are unhealthy, and abound in reptiles and insects which render life insupportable. There are moccasins, copperheads, rattlesnakes, scorpions, lizards, tarantulas, fleas, ticks, mosquitoes, gallinippers and other pests of which neither entomology nor zoology nor hepteology give any account. Whenever the mud is sufficiently oleaginous to produce mosquitoes, they swarm from it in flocks that obscure the sun at noonday. After these rapacious insects have eaten all the flesh from the bones, autumnal agues commence their interesting experiments. Persons who reside in the swamps of Illinois, or the Wabash bottom in Indiana, or the low lands of the Red River, flatter themselves that their knowledge of the ague is consummate, but it is reserved to those unfortunate individuals who reside in the smiling valley of the Willamette to be carried to the seventh heaven of delight on the wings of immortal ages."

It is a little irrelevant to include in this work a matter like the foregoing. It, however, is given to illustrate the ignorance and prejudice prevailing in the Eastern States concerning the North Pacific region, the effect of which was long to delay the development of the states on and near the North Pacific Coast. The author of the statements quoted published them as facts within his knowledge; hence he made himself a liar. In none of Baron Munchausen's astounding adventures can be found so many falsehoods in the same space. It seems hardly credible that sixty years ago not only did influential Eastern journals publish such lies as truths, but other journals vouched for their truthfulness, and gullible readers implicitly believed them. It is not strange that the few Americans who first located here were discredited when they wrote of their surroundings to friends at home. In view of the fact that their statements were so widely at variance with all previous accounts, it could not be otherwise. All the information

then accessible agreed with that copied from the Northern Advocate. The earlier pioneers, without exception, were branded as the greatest liars on earth when, in writing to friends in the East, they faithfully described this country as they found it. Its mild, equable and salubrious climate, its fertile soil and wonderful products, its vast forests and gigantic firs and cedars, its freedom from animal and vegetable pests, its majestic snow-clad mountains and verdant valleys, its fine waterways were pronounced myths which existed in the imaginations of the writers.

Though the early settlers were in the main truthful, occasionally a liar would be discovered among them. Such proved to be a noted public official who was convicted by some Indian chiefs of lying to them. He was superintendent of Indian affairs. Hon. Orange Jacobs, ex-judge, ex-congressman and ex-mayor, was a clerk in his office, and he relates the story substantially as follows:

The superintendent was bent upon inaugurating a new system in the government of the Indians entrusted to his care. He would inculcate habits of industry in the hope of ultimately making them self-supporting. It would be a proud day for him when he could report to his superiors at Washington that the Indians in his jurisdiction were independent of government aid, and would no longer burden the federal treasury with their support. With this laudable end in view he summoned a number of chiefs to meet him in council. All appeared at the appointed hour at the office of the superintendent. Through an interpreter he explained the object of the council. He advised them to adopt the habits of the whites and work like them. By so doing, he said, they could enjoy many comforts and luxuries now beyond their reach. Pointing to various articles of furniture, pictures, etc., in the apartment, he added:

"Look at all these nice things. How do you suppose I got them? By work. Go to the home of Mr. Brown, the storekeeper, and see how many fine things he has. How do you suppose he got them? By work."

In like manner he advised the chiefs to visit other places and see the luxuries the owners enjoyed, ending each with the words: "How did he get them? By work," strongly emphasizing the last word.

The council closed by the chiefs promising to give an answer a week later. The interval was spent in visiting the persons mentioned by the superintendent. In no case did they find the men at work, as they were given to understand. The

merchant was seated at his desk overlooking his accounts, while others were doing his work. The boss builder was sitting in the cool shade on a pile of lumber, while his hired men were sweltering in the hot sun erecting the frame of a new dwelling. The editor of the village journal was in his cosy sanctum amusing himself by cutting holes in newspapers, while his hired man was sweating over the hand press in a dirty back room.

Others were seen with the same result; the well-to-do people whom the superintendent mentioned as those who obtained their comforts and luxuries by work were found by the Indians to be enjoying life in idleness, while the people who performed all the real labor had none of this world's goods to boast of.

They again met the superintendent, who was sanguine of success. When called on for their answer, the spokesman of the party said they had visited the white men designated, and detailed the circumstances in which they saw them. At the close of each visit, as described by the spokesman, he added, in an emphatic tone,

"We found you lied."

The repetition of these words utterly discomfited the superintendent, who thereupon concluded that the task of reforming the savages must devolve upon somebody else.

When, more than a half hundred years ago, I was told that a noted legal firm in New York city was ransacking dark, damp vaults and musty attics in pursuit of copies of the Evening Post printed thirty years before, I did not dream that I should ever be called upon to figure in a similar episode there or here. Very valuable property in the metropolis was involved in the pursuit, the successful issue of which would leave in possession the family who had believed it its own for an ordinary lifetime. How the search terminated in that case is not known, nor is it essential at this late day to know. It is mentioned at this time in connection with a more recent case to show how old newspapers sometimes become very precious.

In August, 1893, I received the telegraphic message following, from the Tacoma law firm of Doolittle & Fogg:

"Balch case set for today. Please come on first boat or train. Bring newspaper files."

Of course, I went. I found in the courtroom, interested in the same case, a lot of old Pierce county pioneers, including E. R. Rogers, M. F. Guess, Nat. H. Orr, Hill Harmon and others. The law firm had informed me by mail a week or more

previously that my presence would be required in this case, and requested me to bring files of the newspaper published by me in Steilacoom thirty years before. It was unnecessary for them to say my testimony would be of little value without the paper; that went without saying. What the court and jury wanted was to see in print, as the law required, the legal notices relating to the property in question. With these in evidence, there could be no controversy as to the legality of the proceedings attending its disposition.

In January, 1851, Lafayette Balch took a claim under the donation law where Steilacoom is located. On land adjacent thereto, but claimed by the Hudson Bay Company, he erected a water power sawmill. At the same time he platted a portion of his land, and commenced building the town of Steilacoom, which, by the way, was at first known as Port Steilacoom. The first lumber there used he brought from San Francisco, all dressed and prepared for the erection of buildings upon reaching its destination. It came from Damariscove, Me., in a schooner owned by Capt. Balch. Subsequently he entered into partnership with Dr. J. B. Webber, to whom he executed a power of attorney, and whom he left in Steilacoom to look after his interests on Puget Sound while Balch engaged in the lumber trade in California.

After being in business together some ten years, death severed the connection—Balch dying in 1862. Very properly the probate court of Pierce county made Dr. Webber administrator of the Balch estate. In due time Webber asked and obtained authority to sell. First, he sold by auction the lots embraced in the town plat; then, in like manner, the remainder was disposed of in acreage tracts. This land was all purchased in good faith by different parties, none of whom were rich and some just the opposite.

Then, after a lapse of thirty years, came a man named Henry Balch, claiming the land, townsite and all, by virtue of kinship. Lafayette Balch was never married and left no offspring. He had a brother, Albert G. Balch, who died before Lafayette, and he also had a nephew, Frank, who did not long survive his two relatives here referred to. This in brief is the history of the case here treated of.

Apparently Henry Balch and his attorneys indulged the hope that the records were incomplete; that at some period in the past either the newspapers containing the requisite advertisements were destroyed, or that some of the essential papers were lost from the files of the court. If they based their action upon this hypothesis they were doomed to disap-

pointment, for nothing was lacking to clearly establish the claim of those they sought to dispossess. This affords a striking instance of the value of old newspapers.

Some years ago the New York Common Council expressed a desire to purchase complete files of the Herald of that city. These files then covered a period during which that paper contained many things of which the city possessed no record. They were essential to a complete history of the city in all its departments, and the city purchased them at the price demanded by the proprietors, $50,000. A goodly sum, truly, for an accumulation of what many people regard as rubbish.

Thus it is seen that in various ways old newspapers often become valuable, if not to the publisher, then to somebody else. That, by the possession and production of the files of the Puget Sound Herald, I was enabled in any measure to prevent a grievous wrong to the people of Steilacoom was to me extremely gratifying, and I was thereby more than repaid for the trouble and expense incurred in saving these old papers. Indeed, it makes me feel like setting apart a day of thanksgiving for the opportunity afforded me of doing good to somebody at so little cost.

The experience narrated in what here follows is of somewhat different character from the adventures and episodes elsewhere depicted in this little volume. If good for no other purpose than to warn inquisitive individuals to keep away from doubtful, disreputable and dangerous places, it will not fail to be of use and value to men tempted at times to go to localities and do things they should not do.

I had been reading of the scenes and acts, misdemeanors and crimes, of the lower part of the city of Seattle, in the newspapers, until one evening I could no longer restrain my curiosity, and I determined to forthwith visit Whitechapel, as it was then called, and see if it was as represented in the daily prints. Starting from home at what was supposed to be a suitable hour to see the district and sights most thoroughly and advantageously, I had the good fortune to meet Joe Simmons, a genial fellow well known in the city. As he was a man of leisure, the thought immediately occurred to me that he would make an excellent companion and guide; for what Joe didn't know of the ins and outs of the city wasn't worth knowing. He promptly complied with my request to show me around, and we were speedily winding our way through streets and alleys leading to the under world of this young and ambitious city. We traversed many streets entirely new to me, several of them lined with large brick warehouses and stores.

In their vicinity an occasional saloon was encountered. Here Joe never failed to find somebody he knew, with whom he "smiled" or smoked.

"Hello, Joe," said one of them, with the swagger of a sport, "where are you going with that old gent?"

"We're going down to see the circus," replied Joe, meaning the section we started to explore.

After stepping over numerous trucks and dodging a score or more of porters and draymen who were loading and unloading goods, the character and occupants of the buildings were observed to be gradually changing. While the exterior of the buidings was much the same, being all constructed evidently for business purposes, and of somewhat similar materials and appearances, they were evidently a part of an inferior trade district. There were more families in the houses, or what appeared to be families; more saloons, and of a lower order; several drunken men were seen, and women loitering about the doors and interiors of the drinking places. The further we went the more sign there was of deterioration of the town and degradation of the people, until the very lowest order of humanity, the vilest, the most filthy, depraved and vicious element to be found in every overgrown metropolis, was encountered on all sides.

While wholly absorbed with the scenes transpiring on all sides, the juvenile antics of ragged youngsters, family discords and personal brawls, I was unhappily separated from my guide, who, on turning to look for him, with consternation I found was nowhere in sight. Instead of retracing my steps, as prudence would have dictated, I kept on in the hope of finally emerging into some street devoid of the revolting scenes about me. But no such good fortune awaited me. A few steps further brought me to an open irregular space covering three or four hundred yards square, the extreme end of which resembled the mudflats in the southern part of the city.

While surveying this scene with sickening sensations, three men approached me from different directions, as if by preconcerted arrangement. They were villainous looking wretches, from their looks capable of the most diabolical of crimes. The first to reach me cast an eye on my gold chain, then asked the time of day. Drawing out my watch, which was of less value intrinsically than as a souvenir, I told him the time. Then, reaching for the watch and taking it in one hand, he coolly unhooked the chain from my vest and transferred watch and chain to his own pocket. One of the ruffians, standing behind me, now pinioned my arms with a vise-like

pressure, the man at my side displayed a large but dirty revolver, and the one in front proceeded to empty my pockets. When he finished this task he drew from his coat a murderous looking knife some twelve inches long, while the wretch holding me relaxed his grasp and relieved me of coat, vest and boots.

Realizing the utter futility of resistance, with no hope of succor from any quarter (for even policemen evidently avoided this locality as dangerous to them), I passively submitted to these outrages without a murmur. But now, having robbed me of every thing except shirt and trousers, I trembled in fear of what was to follow. I was not kept long in suspense. The ruffian with the pistol said:

"What will we do with him now?"

"Cut his throat and drop him in the water," replied the fellow behind me as he drew an arm over my eyes and forced my head back, thus exposing my throat to the knife.

As the fellow with the knife was about to draw it across my throat, I uttered one agonizing, despairing cry, when—

"What is the matter? Is it burglars?" were the words I heard at my side.

"No, worse than that," I replied.

"What was it that made you shout then?" asked my wife.

"I was just about to have my throat cut," said I, "when I escaped by waking up."

Among the most delightful experiences of early life on Puget Sound was that afforded by boating trips in the summer season. There were reports of these among the first people who came here. Capt. George Vancouver, of the Royal Navy, anchored his vessels off Bainbridge Island in May, 1792. From them he sent out his boats, one under Mr. Whidbey, one under Mr. Orchard and one under Mr. Puget, who, while exploring these waters, made discoveries that were commemorated by the bestowal upon them of the names of these worthy gentlemen. So also in 1841, when Capt. Chas. Wilkes, of the U. S. Navy, was here, the small boats were freely used in trips about the islands and among the inlets Wilkes so much admired and so glowingly described. The names of many American naval officers were then given to the bays, points and islands of Puget Sound. These boat trips were a most agreeable diversion to the officers and men of both British and American expeditions. The Hudson Bay employees had many such outings, in their great canoes, between Fort Nisqually and Fort Victoria,

and the few missionaries of the same period enjoyed like trips when they had to go and could go under favorable climatic circumstances. One of the historic trips of this character was that made by Col. M. T. Simmons, George Wanch, Peter Bernier, William Shaw and three or four others in August, 1845, when they went from Olympia to and around Whidby Island, looking for a suitable place to found the first settlement of American citizens on Puget Sound. Many of my old acquaintances made such trips. I have made a number of short ones myself. Ezra Meeker never tires of telling of the many pleasant days spent by him and his brother Oliver, in 1853, while going in a small boat from Olympia to Nisqually, Steilacoom, Puyallup and elsewhere, looking for the farms which they had crossed the plains the year before to secure. The wild fruits of those days, the fine fish, the deer, grouse and ducks, the numerous streams of fresh water, the beautiful valleys, the grand mountain scenery, the fresh virgin forest, the delightful temperature, all and more, combined to inspire them with feelings of the most lofty and agreeable character. While some, who had been reared in the Mississippi valley, were surprised to find the water of the Sound salt, there were none to pronounce it other than the handsomest body of water they had ever seen, and all were at once imbued with the idea that in the future it would rank among the greatest seats of commerce upon the surface of the globe.

One of the trips referred to in the paragraph foregoing was made by Mr. Lawrence Nessel, an uncle of Mrs. James R. Hayden, who came to Olympia from Minnesota in 1870. He was instantly charmed with Puget Sound. Though not in good health at the time, so strong was his infatuation that he could not resist the impulse to dwell for a while upon its waters. Proceeding to Victoria, he purchased a Whitehall boat, blankets, provisions, a few cooking utensils, etc., and started alone to explore the channels, bays, inlets and shores of the Sound. On the evening of the first day he reached a sheltered nook on San Juan Island, anchored his boat, prepared and ate his supper, smoked his pipe, wrapped himself in his blankets and laid down in the bottom of the boat. The sun was an hour high when he awoke from a sleep more sound and refreshing than he had known for years. Having washed and breakfasted, he rowed leisurely through the channels that separate the islands in the lower Sound, seeing much on the route to excite his interest and admiration. At noon he rested and ate with an ap-

petite he had long been deprived of. Resuming his voyage, he proceeded slowly until early twilight, when he again supped, smoked and slept in the boat, which was anchored as before. Day after day this was kept up, each day replete with pleasures to which he had hitherto been a stranger. Several times, on awaking in the morning, he was surprised to find his boat high and dry on a sand spit, where he had anchored the night before, as he supposed, in ten or twelve feet of water. Just one month was consumed in this trip, which Mr. Nessel declared to be the most pleasurable he ever experienced. When he returned to Olympia he was very unlike an invalid; having grown rugged and strong, and taken a new lease of life. Mr. Nessel declared that at no period of his life did he have such unalloyed pleasure as was enjoyed on this trip of one month on Puget Sound.

With increasing years, after one has passed four score, if not before, come defective vision and hearing, lack of observation, loss of memory as regards current events, new faces and new names, with other evils too numerous to mention here. None can feel this more keenly than the writer. Indeed, I am reminded of it every time I leave my home and mingle with the general public on the highways and in the street cars.

I am often grieved and mortified, while passing people on the street whom I fail to recognize, on hearing my name spoken in an almost inaudible tone, as if the speaker feared to offend by greeting me in a clear and distinct voice. Sometimes it is a girl or boy 10 or 12 years of age; sometimes a young man or maiden of mature years; sometimes it is a man or woman verging on or past the meridian of life. Not until they have passed am I made conscious of the fact that we have met before; then comes the mortifying reflection that I have forgotten those whom I would fain remember. It also grieves me to reflect that such persons may possibly think I purposely ignore them. God forbid that any should so think.

There are few things that afford me more pleasure than a cordial greeting, on the street or elsewhere, either from a casual acquaintance or a friend of long standing. The cheery "Good Morning," or "Good Evening, Mr. Prosch," has always a musical sound to my ears and never fails to give me pleasure. It matters not who utters the greeting, whether boy or girl, man or woman, hod carrier or banker, the effect is the same. Has it not the same effect on others?

Not the least of my failings is a lack of observation. It

rarely happens, after an introduction to a strange man, that I can tell whether he wore a full beard or none at all, whether he was attired in a drab suit or a black. The same is true of the women I meet in church, on the street, or at social gatherings. I cannot tell afterwards whether their dresses were brown, yellow or pink; I only know that they are the fairest creatures in the universe. The absence of this trait (observation) in my character will account for my failure to recognize casual acquaintances.

I wish the practise of mutual friendly greetings was more common than it is. As an act of courtesy it is to be commended. It is much more generally observed among foreigners than among Americans, and is a custom we can copy with advantage. Its observance tends to draw people closer together, and promote a better feeling among different classes. Many reasons might be given why this practice should be followed, not the least of which is that it will tend to inculcate a spirit of politeness among the young.

It is hard enough for one, who, like myself, has lived here nearly a half century, and who at one time knew practically every one dwelling on these shores, to now know so few—one in a thousand, may be—without having so large a proportion of the few yet known pass me by without word or sign of recognition. Whether I speak first or not, I will be only too happy to have every man, woman and child who knows me on meeting me anywhere greet me with a smile and an audible, pleasant "Good Morning," or "Good Evening." The desire for such recognition and salutation is perhaps more common than we generally believe, and it is possible that what I have said of myself may apply with equal force to most other people. More friendliness and less punctiliousness would be better for all. Try it, anyhow.

CHAPTER XXV.

Open and Easy Methods of Trading—Early Newspapers—Difficulty in Believing Washington Stories—Elwood Evans and Elisha P. Ferry—Changed Social Conditions.

JUST before the Civil War, aided by a generous Government subsidy for carrying the mails, the Pacific Mail Steamship Company sailed a line of fortnightly steamers to Olympia, calling on the way at Portland and Victoria, frequently at Steilacoom and Port Townsend, but never at Seattle. By these steamers the pioneer merchants made their remittances to San Francisco, whence came their supplies. For about twenty-five years the traders on the Sound used for this purpose mill company drafts, payable thirty and sixty days after sight. Most of their freight was brought by lumber vessels, the ocean steamers bringing only the lighter and more valuable goods, and for fourteen or fifteen years prior to 1875 the sail craft having the transportation all to themselves.

When any considerable invoice of goods arrived for a Puget Sound store, usually five or ten tons, people from the adjacent country would gather about the premises to see them opened, and often made large purchases before the proprietor could place the goods upon the shelves. A dealer at Steilacoom, on one such occasion sold $1,500 worth in twenty-four hours, all for cash.

Some of the pioneer merchants on Puget Sound were loggers before they became traders. One of the most successful of these informed the writer that, having cleared $400 by logging, he started for San Francisco, via Portland, to purchase goods for a store. On the road to the Columbia river he met a farmer who had just harvested a large crop of onions which he was desirous of selling. The Puget Sound man left his money and took the onions, on which he cleared $600, thus increasing his capital to $1,000. For more than twenty years he was a very successfuy trader, but whisky finally got the better of him, as it has so many others, and ruined him and his business.

Fortunes were made on Puget Sound, in early days, from much smaller beginnings. A man came to Steilacoom in 1860

with two ten gallon kegs of sour cider and two or three boxes of partially decayed apples from Oregon. He soon retailed them for sufficient money to buy a stock of combs, pins, needles, pipes, tobacco, etc., at Port Townsend. In two years he had a store stocked with merchandise valued at $10,000, all paid for. Three or four similar cases are well known to the writer, but this will serve for illustration. This was a good country to make money in forty years and more ago. Money was plentiful in proportion to population, and the prifits were large. The establishment of money order postoffices and of banks by capitalists in the leading towns did away long ago with the mill drafts referred to, which, however, were very convenient in trade during the twenty-five years following the occupancy of the country by American citizens.

After my own paper, the Puget Sound Herald, the first newspapers in this region following it were at Whatcom, Vivtoria, Port Townsend, Olympia and Vancouver. Two of these owed their starting to the Fraser river mining boom of 1858. A California newspaper man named William Bausman came in the first rush to Whatcom, where he began publication of the Northern Light, there then being no other paper on the Pacific Coast published so far north as Bellingham Bay. He conducted it successfully for several months, and until Whatcom sustained one of the most noted collapses in the history of boom towns. On the 18th of September he sent out the last number, his valedictory containing these words only: "Whatcom has gone in and the Light has gone out." Victoria succeeded Whatcom as the city of gold miners, and, of course, had its newspaper without unnecessary delay. It was a semi-weekly, sold at $12 per annum. Port Townsend came next, with the Register, started in January, 1860, by Travers Daniel, a Democrat. In July, 1860, John F. Damon, a Republican, started a rival publication, which he called The Northwest. About the same time John Miller Murphy began at Olympia the publication of the Washington Standard. He has continued it from that day to this, without failure of a single issue, without change of name, owner or location, a good newspaper at all times, and under all circumstances. The Standard is now the oldest journal in the State. It was not until 1863 that Seattle got its first newspaper—the Gazette, J. R. Watson, publisher. Late as Seattle was in this matter, Tacoma was ten years later, the Pacific Tribune, in 1873, being the first paper in that city.

An intelligent, well-known settler in Pierce County nearly fifty years ago corresponded with a friend, who was a pros-

perous farmer in one of the Western States. While the latter read the letters of his Washington Territory correspondent with deep interest, he was incredulous as to their contents. The description of the country and its resources were just the opposite of all he had previously read and heard of the Pacific Northwest, and he finally arrived at a conclusion far from complimentary to his Puget Sound correspondent. Meeting a neighbor soon after receiving a letter from the pioneer settler he produced the epistle, read it aloud and said:

"What do you think of it?"

"If what he says is true," responded the neighbor, "Washington Territory is a great country, way ahead of this section."

"Yes, if what he says is true," said the farmer. "I have known the writer of this letter a good many years, and always thought him an honest and truthful man; but since he has lived in Washington Territory he has become such a confounded liar that I can no longer believe him. Now," he continued, "I would give the best yoke of oxen I possess if I could only be sure that he told the truth in this letter."

He was evidently pleased with his friend's account of the country and its resoruces, but the time had not arrived for the truth to prevail against falsehood, so he remained in doubt awhile longer.

I was publishing the Pacific Tribune in Olympia when Colonel Ferry, as he was then called, came to the Territory with a commission as Surveyor General. He was preceded a few months by General E. S. Salomon, who took the place of Alvan Flanders as Governor. Ferry was accompanied by a few personal friends from Illinois, as also was Salomon. Among the friends of the latter were Major James R. Hayden, Capt. B. B. Tuttle, R. G. O'Brien and others. The two parties soon joined issues in local politics, Ferry espousing the cause of Selucius Garfielde as Delegate to Congress, and Salomon opposing him. After protracted wrangling, in which it was claimed that Salomon had abandoned the Republican party and gone over to the Democrats, Garfielde then in Washington City, succeeded in persuading President Grant to remove Salomon and appoint Ferry in his place. By public receptions, a close attention to the duties of the office and otherwise, Ferry soon won the good will of people of all parties, and was not long in establishing a popularity that continued to the close of his life. Ferry was the only man who was Governor of both Territory and State of Washington, and he also

was Governor a much longer period than any of his predecessors or successors in office.

The rapid changes in office under President Grant, here indicated, are aptly illustrated in the experience of Elwood Evans, appointed one day and removed the next. In 1868 Elwood Evans, then a resident of Olympia, visited his former home in Philadelphia. Unhappily for him he was induced while there to take part in a political demonstration intended to do honor to Andrew Johnson, Evans being made to appear to represent Washington Territory. Johnson had then but recently emerged from the impeachment proceedings and was regarded generally by Republicans with disfavor. Grant that year was elected President. He detested Johnson, and had no use for any of his friends. Mr. Evans had a commendable desire to become a Judge of the District Court of the Territory, for which position he was in every respect amply qualified. He saw his opportunity in the election of Delegate Garfielde in the summer of 1869. His confidence there was not misplaced. At the solicitation of Garfielde Evans was nominated for the desired judgeship. The fact was immediately telegraphed to Olympia, and there was a general congratulation extended to him upon the consummation of his hopes. Every man he met that evening saluted him as "Judge." At an early hour next morning came a telegram announcing that the President had recalled the nomination of the previous day. Some officious individual, unfriendly to Evans, as soon as the news of his appointment got abroad, had informed Grant of the participation of Evans in the Johnson movement. Nothing further was necessary to secure revocation of the appointment. It will be remembered by those familiar with the history of the country at the close of the Civil War that Johnson had attempted to use Grant to popularize and strengthen his administration, and that the effort was quite distasteful to the General. He quarreled with the President and they became irreconcilable enemies. His instant withdrawal of the name of Mr. Evans, on being informed that he had favored Johnson, clearly shows that Grant had neither forgotten nor forgiven his old adversary.

The social conditions of the people have changed greatly in my time. My memory goes back to the days when it required a combination of all the towns on Puget Sound to muster enough white women to make up three or four sets in a dance; when the musicians were limited to two fiddlers, and sometimes only one, who managed to worry through tunes sufficient for a quadrille, a jig and a waltz. A dance—

it was always called a grand ball in those days—was never undertaken by a single town, for the reason that no one town contained women enough for partners. It was customary to send the only steamer on the Sound to the other towns to get the women for the ball. That was for many years the chief amusement for the old settlers. The two men then most popular in this country were the fiddler and the editor, but the fiddler got the most money for his work. There were then no tramps or burglars in the country, and it was not necessary to lock the doors and windows to keep thieves out. The whole Territory contained but a few thousand people, not so many as some of the third class towns of the present day. Though few in number, they were happy and contented, and there were not wanting among them men and women who expressed the wish that no more white people would come here in their day. They knew that with a largely augmented population would come vices and crimes, rivalries, contentions and struggles that then had no existence here; they knew that the civilization of populous countries imposed burdens and restraints to which they were unaccustomed, and they coveted not the social advantages possessed by other people. They always had enough and to spare of the necessaries of life, and they were aware that dense population meant poverty and hunger and suffering to which they were strangers in this land of plenty. They appreciated and enjoyed their primitive condition. Their comforts more than offset their isolation. They enjoyed life here not because they loved man less but nature the more. For them

"There was a pleasure in the pathless wood,
There was a rapture on the lonely shore,
There was society where none intrude,
By the deep sea, and music in its roar."

Until 1875 the increase of inhabitants was hardly perceptible. From that year to the completion of the Northern Pacific Railroad the population steadily and more perceptibly increased. Since the completion of that road, the Union Pacific, the Canadian Pacific and the Great Northern, the growth has been so rapid that it has been difficult to build dwellings, school houses, streets, etc., sufficient for their wants. With these large accessions to our population have come the evils foreseen and dreaded by the old settlers. For many years the people had almost no use for jails; now it seems to be impossible to provide jails enough to hold the thieves and vagabonds in the State. There are those who say that if all the people were in jail who deserve imprisonment not enough

would remain outside to guard and feed them. This view is probably entertained only by the few who have not succeeded in "getting in on the ground floor," as real estate men express it; in other words, by those who have failed to profit by the remarkable growth and development of this wonderful State.

Having witnessed the slow progress of the country the first quarter of a century of my residence therein, and become somewhat accustomed thereto, I have been astounded at the more rapid development and changes since. I had long regarded as inhospitable and fit only for savages the region east of the Cascade Mountains. It seems but a few years since strong parties of white men going from the Sound to explore that region were met by stronger parties of Indians and compelled to retrace their steps or incur attack and death. It was a sealed book to white men for a long term of years after the first settlements on these shores. How different now! What a grand country it has proven to be, and how finely it supplements the Western division, the two forming one State which for resources and attractiveness has no superior in the sisterhood of the great American Union. Nature has richly endowed Washington with everything necessary to make it great, and it is attaining greatness with gigantic strides under the direction of the clever, energetic, enterprising men who are always found in the front of its business, political and other affairs. It is such men who have made Seattle, Tacoma, Bellingham, Everett and Ballard, who have felled the forests, opened the mines, made the farms, developed the fisheries, and done the thousand other wonderful things done in this wonderful country during the years it has been the place of my abode and the field of my observation.

CHAPTER XXVI.

A Tribute to Washington Pioneers—Their Coming to the Pacific Coast Required Greater Efforts than were Required of Pioneers Elsewhere—They were Sturdy People, of Good Character, who did their Work Faithfully and Well—"The Old Settler."

TOO much cannot be said of the courage and endurance of the pioneers under circumstances that would have disheartened and appalled a people less brave. While settlements and improvements of every kind are spreading their obliterating mantle over shore and valley and plain, it should not be forgotten that they paved the way for the transformation. They smoothed the rugged roads traversed by those who came later, and removed the barriers that stood in the way of the works soon destined to give the new State imperishable grandeur and overshadowing fame.

If praise and credit are due the pioneers who opened the way for the settlement of the Western States, how much greater praise should be accorded the bold spirits who first made their homes on the shores of the Pacific! The former were but slightly in advance of old established settlements, and were contiguous to towns and cities with which easy and frequent communication was practicable; the latter, by reason of extreme remoteness and almost impassable mountains, were deprived of these advantages. They were long isolated to a degree unknown to the pioneers of the Western States. Their isolation exposed them to many dangers to which the others were strangers, and hence required the display of more courage. In contrasting the perils encountered in the two sections, this should not be lost sight of.

When the Washington pioneers started on their journey of thousands of miles, fraught with untried hardships and unknown perils, they took their lives in their hands with a courage and daring rarely equaled. Across treacherous rivers, over trackless plains and through rugged mountains, the highest on the continent, for months and months they plodded their weary way in pursuit of the Unknown—to them the land of promise. They

Journeyed through dreary and thirsty ways,

Where rivers are sand and winds are dust;
Through sultry nights and feverish days,
Moved westward still as the sunset must;

Where the scorched air quivers along the slopes,
Where the slow-footed cattle lie down and die;
Where horizon draw backward till baffled hopes
Are weary of measureless waste and sky.

Few have braved equal dangers—none greater. And all for what? For homes in a land of which they knew nothing but hoped much. One hope animated them—one wish moved them—one impulse guided them—and that was, to find a land in which they might enjoy a larger measure of independence and happiness than their earlier homes afforded. It took men of strong minds and bodies, of clear heads and good hearts, to make either the six-months trip across the Plains, or the equally trying one of twelve or eighteen months by water from the Atlantic coast to that of the Pacific.

All credit and honor then to the first men of this State—McLoughlin, Douglas, Tolmie, Whitman, Eells, Sapulding, Richmond, Devore, Blaine, Whitworth, Beaver, Blanchet, Brouillette, Simmons, Shaw, Crockett, Jackson, Catlin, Warbass, Ford, Crosby, Sylvester, Ward, Barnes, Evans, Percival, Bush, McAllister, Dougherty, Chambers, Balch, Huggins, Meeker, Judson, Kincaid, Bonney, McCarver, Shelton, Wilson, Meigs, Renton, Phinney, Walker, Pettygrove, Fowler Plummer, Hastings, Roeder, Eldridge, Hubbs, Ebey, Lansdale, Kinneth, Haller, Izett, Ferguson, Smith, Terry, Yesler, Denny, Hanford, Van Asselt, Alvord, Maynard, Bagley, Horton, Collins, Stevens, Tilton, Chenoweth, Lander, Mason, Wiley, McFadden, Hewitt and the host of others, too numerous for separate mention—who came in the 30's, 40's and 50's, and gave their best efforts, and some of them their lives, to build up and maintain a community to which others might later come and dwell in peace, in comfort and in contentment. They built well. They were large-hearted, good men. To the few who survive, the contemplation of their early day ambitions, labors and privations must indeed be satisfactory in view of the grand results now to be witnessed on every hand and every side. All credit, however, is not due to the men. As much belongs to the women. Their trials were as severe as those of the men, their dangers as great, their sufferings no less. Were it not for them the men would not have stayed, and without them Washington today would be practically unchanged from the Washington of fifty or sixty years ago.

For nearly ten years, between 1860 and 1870, there was no visible increase of population in this Territory. Miners and adventurers had ceased coming to Puget Sound, and there was no overland immigration. The civil war in the east had much to do with this cessation of growth, while the remoteness and inaccessibility of this region would account for it in part. During this period there were small parties of miners entering the Columbia River by steamers, bound for Idaho and the Territories beyond, but none came to augment the population of Western Washington. At long intervals vessels would arrive at the sawmills with mechanics or lumbermen, and sometimes with men and their wives under engagement to the mill proprietors, and their arrival was always chronicled with much rejoicing by the local press. No matter what station in life they filled, their coming was hailed as a valuable accession to our society, and each supplied a long felt want; while those who went (and they were almost as numerous as those who came) always created a painful void. The most interesting, numerous and valued parties to come to Puget Sound at this time were the two companies of ladies brought by Mr. A. S. Mercer, in 1864 and 1866. It was a novel and remarkable enterprise on his part, one beset with difficulties and resulting to him in a large measure of vexations and losses. The ladies, however, were the most desirable of immigrants, and in a short time were, in many cases, members of families that have since been enrolled among the most prominent of the State. A few pioneers, after long years of weary waiting, and after a bitter experience of "the hope deferred which maketh the heart sick," abandoned or sold for a trifle land claims which have since become very valuable. Some of these claims are now within the corporate limits of the most populous and rapidly growing cities of Washington.

In the decade referred to, the newspapers found it very difficult to procure items of interest relating to home matters. If a townsman replaced a rail fence with a board fence, the fact was mentioned in the village paper as a marked improvement. If a blacksmith erected a new shop to take the place of one that threatened to tumble down, he was lauded for his enterprise. If a citizen repaired or enlarged his house, the fact was mentioned in terms of commendation. If a boat builder undertook the construction of a small sailboat or scow, he was spoken of in the paper as being engaged in ship-building. The journalists of that period were young men of fertile brains, who usually magnified the trivial

events of their localities as matters of great importance. And their course was in no way reprehensible, for they were actuated solely by a desire to encourage readers who were inclined to be despondent and leave the country in disgust, or to induce others to come and aid in populating it.

But there are few evils without some conpensating circumstances, and the more thoughtful and sensible of our people fully realized it. If they were few in numbers and isolated, they enjoyed many comforts which were denied to people in the crowded cities of the East. Here they all had an abundance and to spare of the necessaries of life, while there tens of thousands suffered daily the pangs of hunger. Here they were favored with a climate unsurpassed on the globe, the extremes of heat and cold being alike absent; there people by scores fell victims to the fervid heat of summer or the frigid cold of winter. Here beggars, paupers and tramps were unknown; there one could not go out on the public thoroughfares in any direction without encountering the halt, the lame and blind, appealing for a pittance to keep soul and body together. Here the eye was not offended daily by unsightly scenes of vice and degradation; there they were witnessed in the most revolting forms every hour of the day and night. It is therefore not strange that some of the pioneers, with a keen appreciation of the difference between life here and life in the crowded cities of the Eastern States and of Europe, should express the hope, as some of them did, that no more white people would come here. They knew there could be no considerable accession to the population without an accompaniment of the evils incident to crowded communities—that the bad would come with the good, and crime and misery would follow.

But it matters not to unsettled, discontented people how pleasant their surroundings may be, or how many comforts they enjoy which are denied to others, it is their nature to be discontented, and some of them would be unhappy in heaven. A few of this class have left the Territory or State and returned, after wandering all over the continent in pursuit of a more desirable region, and now freely assert that they could find no country so good as this.

Now that the barriers which caused our isolation are removed, and the gates (railroads and steamships) are open for the ingress of all who desire to share with us the rich fruits to be gathered and enjoyed in this land of wealth and beauty, the reader can readily conceive, by the multitudes coming here, what would have been the result if this State

had been as accessible forty years ago as it is today—if the idea of Gov. Stevens had been realized and a transcontinental line of railway opened for traffic to Puget Sound before the beginning of the Civil War. With navigable waters unequaled in the world, mineral resources unsurpassed in extent and richness, timber unrivaled in quality and quantity, a climate and soil not inferior to the best on the globe, and an area equal to that of several of the old states, it would long ago have been classed among the first in population, wealth and influence. Deeply inpressed with these advantages and encouraged by the influx of miners in July, 1858, the writer ventured a prediction in the following language:

"There are many now living here who will surely see the shores of our beautiful Sound teeming with human beings as they now teem with giant firs and cedars. * * * Not long shall our rich forests be suffered to occupy the places to which they have lent grandeur and sublimity for ages past. Already the ax is laid vigorously to the roots and ere long they will have passed into traditions of early times. With them must also pass away the luckless red man who yet calls this his home; nay, even now he rapidly vanishes from view before the quick strides of civilization and progress, and not many years shall elapse before we know him no more forever."

This, two years later, was regarded as rather premature, but it cannot be denied that there are now signs of its speedy, entire fulfillment. The land bordering on the shores of the Sound is being rapidly denuded of its primitive covering; the natives are diminishing in numbers; and the entire country now gives promise of being thickly populated before the end of another decade. But a few years ago it was a vast wilderness, peopled almost exclusively by savages; not a great many years hence it bids fair to rival the older States in population, business, enterprise, progress—all the elements that go to make a grand and prosperous commonwealth.

The old settlers treated of in these pages are fast passing away, or are already gone. One by one they are joining the ranks of those who have gone before. But few remain and fewer still will be spared to witness in part the grandeur of the structure of which they laid the foundation. Some of them were called upon to face dangers here which required courage and fortitude of a high order; some suffered privations to which they would not have been subjected in the homes they left behind; but it is safe to say that few or none regret hav-

ing come to Washington Territory. If they incurred dangers and suffered privations, there was here much to compensate them for their trials. Not a few have esteemed it a privilege to be permitted to dwell in a land which many delight to call "God's Country." Life was worth living on the shores of Puget Sound and was enjoyed here as it could not have been enjoyed elsewhere. It has not only afforded them more pleasure, but they have lived longer; some yet hale and vigorous would long ago have filled graves in the East, if they had remained there. Their attachment to the country has grown with their years; the longer they have lived here the better they have liked it. If they ever indulged regrets, it was that there were not more of their friends and connections here to share with them the blessings they enjoyed in such large measure.

"The Old Settler," by Francis Henry, thirty years ago, has from the beginning been the most popular poem written in the Territory or State. Its quaint humor and truth appeal strongly to pioneers, who never tire of reading it or hearing it sung. These reminiscences can here be fittingly closed by its production:

I'd wandered all over the country,
  Prospecting and digging for gold—
I'd tunnelled, hydraulicked and cradled,
  And I had been frequently sold.

So rolling my grub in my blankets,
  I left all my tools on the ground,
And started one morning to shank it
  For a country they called Puget Sound.

Arriving flat broke in mid-winter,
  I found it enveloped in fog,
And covered all over with timber
  Thick as hair on the back of a dog.

As I looked on the prospect so gloomy,
  The tears trickled over my face,
For I felt that my travels had brought me
  To the edge of the jumping-off place.

I took up a claim in the forest
  And sat myself down to hard toil;
For two years I chopped and I niggered,
  But I never got down to the soil.

I tried to get out of the country,
But poverty forced me to stay;
Until I became an old settler,
Then nothing could drive me away.

And now that I'm used to the climate,
I think that if man ever found
A spot to live easy and happy,
That Eden is on Puget Sound.

No longer the slave of ambition,
I laugh at the world and its shams,
As I think of my pleasant condition
Surrounded by acres of clams.

Some years after producing "The Old Settler" Mr. Henry wrote another poem in which he gave utterance as follows to feelings experienced by many of the first people of the State at changes that have come over the land in recent times:

Some say this country's improving,
And boast of its commerce and trade,
But measured by social enjoyment
I find it has sadly decayed.

In the pioneer days on the Sound,
When the people had little to wear,
And subsisted on clams the year round,
We'd hearty good fellowship here.

The thoughtful, industrious old settler,
Was so fond of obliging a friend,
That if any one wanted his tools,
He'd always quit working to lend.

At our gatherings for pastoral pleasure,
Dance, picnic or social knock down,
One man was as good as another;
No kind of distinction was shown.

But now when I go to a party
The people around me seem froze;
They dare not be social and hearty,
For fear they may soil their store clothes.

Not only our friendly relations
Are dropped for the worship of gold,
But the solid backbone of the country
Is recklessly bartered and sold.

They're slashing and selling our timber,
Not taking the slightest concern,
For what we shall do in the future,
Without any fuel to burn.

And wasting the nat'ral resources
Our bountiful waters contain,
They're canning our clams and our oysters,
And shipping them off for mere gain.

And even the climate is changing,
For only some ten years ago,
Strawberries got ripe in December,
Whilst now it brings four feet of snow.